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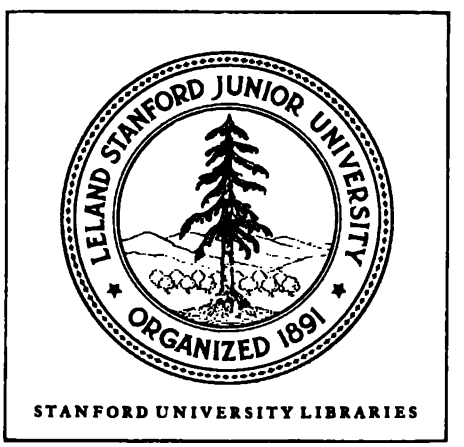
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"Lost" Tudon Plays.

Wealth and Health, c. 1557-8.

Impatient Poverty, 1560.

John the Evangelist, c. 1520.

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MCMVII.

MVR

PR 1263
L6



Tudor Facsimile Texts.

WEALTH AND HEALTH.

Date of First Known Copy ... c. 1565.?

Reproduced 1907.



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Wealth and Health.

c. 1557-8.

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MCMVII.



An enterlude of

Welth, and Helth, very merry and full of Pastyme, newly set his tyme Imprinted.

(.)

The Names of the players.

Welth,
Helth,
Lybertie.
Ilwyll.
Shrowdwyt.
Vance.
Remedy

Foure may easely play this Playe.





There entreth Welth and Health ynglyng together a ballet of two partes, and after speaketh

Welth.

Why is there no mirth now I am come
I trowe that all the people be dume
Or elis so god helpe me and haly dame
They were almoste aslepe
Nowadaes I harde nat yet one talking
So sullenwyse amonge people sytting
What ayles you all thus to syt dreaming
Of whom take ye care
Of my comyng you may be glad
Therefore I pray you
For all pouerte thynketh me
I can amende your chere
By God I rejoyce your foolysh mynde
I am welthy of this' cause now specyalle
For I am of euerymans welthe ryght
For welth hath no peere

Health. Brother welth haue ye not yet doone
ye prayse your selfe aboue the moone
Euery man may perceyue therby soone
That you lacke discrecyon

Welth. Wherfore by god I cannot say to muche
I am so welthy of substaunce and ryche
In all the worlde where is one such
As I am of comparison.

Health. Welth is good I cannot denay
Yet prayse your selfe so muche ye may
For welth oftentimes doth decay
And welth is nothing sure.

Welth. Welth hath ben euer in this countrey
And here I purpose styll for to be
For this is the lande moste mete for me
And here I wyll endure.

Health Therin ye speake full lyuingle
For in this realme welth should be
Hath no displeasure I pray you hartely
But in the way of communication.
And for pastyme I would speake some wayes
Of no comparison, nor to you no dyspayse,
I doo not intende that maner alwayes,
But for a recreation.

wealth Brother what soeuer ye say to me.
I wyll heare you patiently
I am content and I thanke you hartely
Begyn and say your pleasure

Health I thanke you truely therwyll I
Some what vnto my purpose apply
Though welth be praised marueilously
yet to myne vnderstanding
Welth is mutable, and hath in shame
And welth is hauty and proude of name
Welth is cruell, and in great blame
For welth is euer wauering.

wealth. To whom haue I done any harme can ye say,
ye slander me none, yet I trust I may
Aunswere for my selfe in euery maner way
ye wyl not deny that.

Health God forbyd but ye should do so
And ye may doo it wyl other I wyl or no
Inlyke wise, I must answer vnto
Whe ye say not true.

Though I be bet to you a payre mas
yet welth I hetyde, the same I am
That is delyted vniuersally than
Some calles me as good as you.
As I, mary ther in deede ye do compare.
Such wordes myght dryue you soone in care
Lewde parson, thouart not in are
Of what substaunce I am
Yes I can tell what you are, be not displeased
welth is of great substaunce, that cannot be denyed
yet shew your comodities, and ye shalbe answerd
I promyse you welth is fugitiue.
What sayst thou sam I a tagetyue
I was neuer so taken vp in my lyfe
Nor called vnkure, well I wyll make no kryfe
yet where as thou dost say,
That I should shew my comodityes alwayes
The best for my selfe wherof I aske prayse
yf I shoulde laud yer all my lyfe dayes
yet I coulde not say.
Nor halfe the yenefites that commeth of me
yt cannot be tolde nor resyted shortly
Welth is the flowre of all thing earthly
That you cannot denye.
Fesse god saue, our soueraine Ladye the Queene
With all the counsel and all that with them dene
Am not I welth with them euer at eue
Who should be there but I.
Men of the lawe, and ioly rych marchaunts
There be welthy both of goodes and landes,
Without company you is in their handes
I wolde here all treasure.

Welth.

Welth.

Welth

Healthy. O good syr, of whom commeth all this
Of god only, to you no thanke, I wys
And yet many welth handes not all to ryches
I dare saye that boldly.
Whan a man hath a competent liuing
with the grace of god that passeth all thyng
Loue of his neyghbour, and good reporting
Then is he welthy,
Welth of goodes is but a fame
Ye is welthy that hath a good name
Euery wyse man wyll coueyte the same
For otherwelth I not recke
yf a man haue neuer so much good name
Euery wise man wyll coueyte the same
if his disposicions be nought and wood
Then he is but a wretch,
Welthy. Nay thou art a wretch, and a foole by your
welth for ryches thus to despyse
Doest thou not se all the worlde ayse
By goodes and substaunce
He that hath plenty of syluer and golde
May haue all thyng whatsoeuer he wolde
whan can welth lacke, seing all thing is solde
Health And welth is of assurraunce.
I denye that, your saying is nought
Grace, beauty, nor cunning, cannot be bought
without great paine, ad good dedes wrought
Els man cannot them haue,
Welthy Stop thereat, and hold thy peace
May not men by heauen with richesse
As to bylde churches and make bye wayes
Such deedes mans soule doth saue

Yea



Yea, but yet ye will marke one thynge Health
yf these goodes came with wronge doyng
Shall ye haue heauen for so spendynge
Or yet any mede.
Nay nay except that man yuntelle doo meeke
And make restytauce the ryght honour to seeke
Els all such good dedes is not woth a leeke
welth hereof take heede.
Why thinkest thou that all men which hath welth wealth.
Getteth theyr goodes with brybry and stealth
Thy reporte is nought therfore herke
I counsell thee to say the best.
So I will, but yet I must say true Health
And now a lyttle more I will say to you
Much sorowe and care with both theme
He is seldome in rest.
when a man is a lyttle pit and welthy
And hath in his theese treasures plenty
Then will he wrangle, and do sturdily
By his power and might.
With his neighbourers he will go to lawe
And a weeke his malyce for valew of strawe
welth is sykle and out of awe
wylfull in wronge or ryght
Thou speakest with a slaunderous tonge Welth.
All of euyll will, and yet it is wronge
welth in this realme hath diu louge
Of me commeth great honour.
Because that I welth hath great porte
Although men deme, hether doth resorte
Therfore I will, in this realmes comfort
And here I will indure.

Helth. So I wold ye ſhould, and I ſhall do the ſame.
Helth I am called, and that is my name
If I would not abyde beare I were to blame
For here I am well cherished
Yet ſay your ſelfe, how indifferently
And if euery man doo not loue me
Helth as well as welth, yes verely
Therof I dare be reported

Welth. Why ſhould they loue thee, that wouldſt I knowe
As well as me, I pray you ſhowe
I am the ſuperiour of pie and lowe
No man may compare with me.

Helth. To ſhew why I will not be afraied
For I can bide by that I haue ſayde
Yf welthy men be very well apayd
Or muche they let you by.
But of welth, if they haue neuer ſo much
Goodes, tryaſure and golde, and be called ryche
Yet yf they lacke helth, there payne is muche
That they were better dye.
A man to were golde, and be in payne
What ioy hath he, none, but would he layne
To giue all his treaſure for helth playne
Or els he were very mad:
For if a man be neuer ſo poure
Yet if he haue helth, that is a treaſure,
Then for his liuing, he may laboure
And in his harte be glad,

Welth. I neuer marked thus muche, nor vnderſtood
That Helth was ſuch a treaſure, and to man ſo good
Wherfore I am ſory, and I will chaunge my moode
Now I pray you forgiue me.



I will forgiue or els I shold be blame. Health
And I pray you to forgiue me the same
I loue you hartily, and will prayse your name
yf it please you to keepe my company.
Here entreth liberty with a sting & after speaketh
Why tary ye so whether are ye going liberte
I see well ye looked not for my comming
Loe, out of sight out of remembryng
Absence is cause of straungnes,
What looke ye on wherwhy are ye so straunge
From your fellow liberty, doth your minds change
In your company I was wont to range
What nedes all this business,
By liberty now I doo not set wealth
Seyng that helth and I am met
In felowes together no man shall let
Me for to loue you best.
Let me heare what ye do say liberty.
Then ye are about to cast me away
How happes this matter then I may
Goe pyke strawes and take me rest.
I pray you tell me whom I haue offended
yf I haue made a faute it shalbe amended
with so shorte warning let me not be bayded
I trow yet ye do but jest.
Why do ye make this tauelation Helth.
we entende to make no alteracyon
welth and I haue had communication
He is my freende of olde.
What was the matter, I pray you tell liberty
Me thinkes I ought to be of counsell
Or els I promyse you ye doo not well

With you I should be bolde.

Welth. The matter is doone we are agreed
To reason it more it shall not nede
O brother helth, thou art in deede
More precious ther golde.

Liberty. Gods bodi how commeth this gere to pas
I am cast out at the cartes arse
The worlde is nothing as it was
For I am here refused

Health Why be you angry that we doo agree
Then are ye not wyse, for if ye love me
I will love hym agayne, so it should be
Or els I were mysadvised

Idlenes Then of my love ye set no store
My company I see well ye looked not for
Farewell I wyll get me out of the doore
yet I am your betters and so am I called.

Wealth Such presumptuous wordes wyll have a fall
your comparyson is but feble and small
What can ye do nothyng at all
As you have reported.

Liberti. What were ye both two, were not I.
Wretches and caytyfes, looke not so hye
Thinke no scorne hardly
For I may be your peare

yf welth have never so much habundance
Lacking Liberty and wert in durance
Within a whyte, I am in assurance
ye wonlde pray me come nere.

yf Helth be never so lusti and stronge
yet if Lyberty were kept from him longe
Then sorow and care wolde be his fonge.



yt would abate your chere.
Eye of welth which lacketh ybertye
Eye of helth and be in captiuitie
Eye of riches and lack good company
Lyberty hath no pere.
Wyll ye heare how he doth clatter. Welth.
What neede ye to rehearse all this matter.
ye know that we twayne aboue any other.
Lyberty must nedes haue syll.
Lybertie ou vs is glade to wayte
ye saude to farre in your owne conceyte
I wys lybertye ye can make no bayte
To catche vs at your will.
Now there ye lye, I can sufker no longer
Welth for Libertye doth longe euer. Liberty.
And welth for Libertye is a great feare
Therfore set me not so lyght
Liberye I pray the reason no more. Wealth
ye are welcome to vs as ye were before
In dede o liberty it is great lucre
Therfore welcome by this lyght
Now I thanke you both full kindly Liberty.
your strange wordes alytle did grene me.
And now at your cõmaũdement I am redy
And at your owne wyll.
Here entreth with some ieste Wyll wyll.
Mary I am come at the first call Wyll.
Wyll, your owne man haue me who shall
For I am will seruaunt to you al
Ye shall not neede to sende for me.
Who is acquanted with this man Welth.
Will.

He is very homely and hath good ye can
To come in here so boldly, then
Driue him away quickly.
Wyll. Why, I cam not tyll I was called
your owne wyll openly ye named
Then I came a pace lest I should be blamed
Therfore I pray you let me hyde styll,
nal. Whose wyll, or what wyll, doth he meane
Thou art not my wyl, I forsake thee cleane
My wyl and their wylles is often seene
Our wylles can none yll
Alas good maisters I can none yll
Wyll. yet by my trouth I am your euyll wyll
your will, & your will, & your will, therfore keepe me
I loue ye by goddes mother,
This is a straunge saying surely
Liberty. My wyl, your wyll, and his wyll, this cannot be
For in our wyles is great diuersitie
For one is not lyke another,
Yet by Christ your owne wyl I am
Wyll. The maddest wyl, and the merriest, than
For goddes sake now, let me be your man
Tyl ye haue better acquaintaunce.
Wealth. I perceyue this felow is kynde
And oweth to vs good wyl and mynde
Some kindes agayne then let him finde
Let him haue some furdertaunce
By god sir and I durst be so bolde
Wyll. Acquaintance of this man clayme I would
and kyndred to, yf the trouth were tolde
we be of one consangnynitie
Wealth How so, let me here that I pray thee hartily

Wyll



Wyl and lybertyes, of auncientie olde Wyll.
Wyth out lyberlye, will dare not be bolde
And where wyl lacketh, lybertye is full colde
Therfore wyl and lyberlye muſt nedes be of kyn.
 In dede as ye ſaythe it may well be Liberti.
For wyl euer lougeth vnto lyberlye
Therfore good freende welcome to me
I prayе you al be good to him And goeth out
 For your ſake he is welcome to vs all Welth.
Let him come to our place and than he ſhall
Haue ſuccoure of vs and helpe withal
& now we wil depart. And welth & helth goth out.
 Wyl ye go hence. I thanke ye maſters with al my Wyll.
I wyl ſeke you out I warraut you feare not (hert
Now they be gone I am glad by ſaint mary
A lyttel whyle heare I purpoſe to tary
How to deceyue welth, helth, and libertie
Now muſt I deuyſe.
 For I am a chylde that is pas grace
I wyll I am called that in euery place
Doth much miſchiefe this is a playne caſe
Vertue I doo vtterly diſpiſe,
 But if they wyſt what I were
Then of my purpoſe I ſhould be neuer y vere
I wyl kepe my tonge leſte that I marre
My whole intent and wyll.
But now I mernayle by this day
Where lyewd wit is gone a ſtray
Some craftye touche is in his way
I here him, peace, ſtand ſtyll.
 Entreth lyewd wyt with a louge.
Then bous garde playſaunce

On seuen or no mumchaunce, what pouke[illegible] dare
To playe a grote or twaine. [illegible]
Loe heare I haue in store
Two or three grotes and no more
I take great thought therfore
For to kepe it, it is much payne
I come now out of a place
where is a company of small grace
Theues and hores that spendes a pace
They were dronken all the sorte.
One of their purses I did aspy
Out of his sleue where it dyd lye
And one wynked on me with his eye
But ther began the sporte
Their false falsehode, and I crafty wyt
got the purse loe, heare I haue it
I ran my way and yet hym syt
Smoke and smitten arse together.
And yf that I had yll wyll here
with this money we wolde make good chere
Gentle brother wyll, I pray the apeare
For thou art in some corner.

Wylle I woulde come in but I am a fearde
Least that I be taken by the beardе
Wyth some catchepol, I haue heard
How thou haste stollen a purse

wylle Thou horson art thou mad, cum in I say
This is not the fyrste hazard that I haue kaped
yf I make an hand to deche my selfe gay
what am I the worse.

wyll From thy company I cannot abyde
I must nedes holde vpon thy syde

yll



yll wyll and thewdwit wyll ma hyde
for they will be together.
Now welcome wyll and what chare:
By god I thought for ther a thonſand yere wytte.
Ye are for gods body who cummeth there
Hance here pot Aſton touter.
¶ Entreth Hance with a dutche ſonge.
Gut nynen ſcone ruttets by the moder got
It heiſt ōwue ſithon, for ſtaue ye nete
De quſteker mau iche bie do do
Uau the greate bumbarde well ic wete
Dartyck dewſant van enbe bit mete
Ic beſt de mauikin van de keining dangliter
De grot keyſer kind ic bene bis kulketer
Het ye not dronke hance how he be ging to yeate Wyll.
The ma lawperte ſtemiuge is a little torche mate
Let the knaue alone, for his name is war. wytte
Such dronken ſtemmiuges your company will nar
Ic beſt nen emond, ic beſt in ſoche Hance.
ye ſecte nete bell ic for ſtaue ye in doche
Crupt hoze leyl with your gound hand nere Wyll.
yt becummes you better to handle a potte of beare
Dat maght ic well dan, ic ran ſkynke freiyck Hance
Tab bers trew, ic bziuges bzoze, de gotts nemerick
The hozſen knaue by the nelle is dronke wytte.
I winking ſez dept his eyen de clenne louck
Ic ſozaue ye bell ye ſeg dat ic ſlope Hance
Nenike, uc nike, ic compts hoze for au and for cope.
Wel coppin I pray the hartly tell vs trew Wyll.
Wherfoze comeſt thou hether for any thiug to ſew
yeicke feger. en bubardere vō de koyning wel it be Hance.
Heb twe ſkelling de dagh ic ren ſcote de culneryn

yt would abate your chaunce.
Eye of welth which lacketh ybertye
Eye of welth and be in captiuitie
Eye of riches and lack good company
Lyberty hath no pere.
Wyll ye heare how he doth clatter. Welth.
What neede ye to rehearse all this matter.
ye know that we twayne aboue any other.
Lyberty muſt nedes haue ſwyll.
Lybertie ou by is glade to wayte
ye ſtaude to farre in your owne conceyte
I wys lybertye ye can make no bayte
To catche by at your will.
Now there ye ſye, I can ſuffer no longer
Welth for Libertye doth loboure euer. liberty,
And welth for Libertye is a great ſoze
Therfore ſet me not ſo lyght
Libertye I pray the reaſon no more. wraith
ye are welcome to by as ye were before
In dede o liberty it is great ſuter
Therfore welcome by this lyght
Now I thanke you both full kindly liberty,
your ſtrange wordes alytle did grene me.
And now at your cõmaũdement I am redy
And at your owne wyll.
Here entreth with ſome ieſt pleaſant wyll
Mary I am come at the firſt call Wyll.
Wyll, your owne man haue me who ſhall
For I am will ſeruaunt to you al
Ye ſhall not neede to ſende for me.
Who is acquanted with this man welth.
Will

He is very homely and lyke good ye can
To come in here so boldly, then
Driue him away quickly.
Wyll. Why, I cam not tyll I was called
your owne wyll openly ye named
Then I came a pace lest I should be blamed
Therfore I pray you let me hyde tyll,
Whose wyll, or what wyll, doth he meane
Thou art not my wyl, I forsake thee cleane
My wyl and their wylles is otherwise
Our wylles can none tell
Alas good maisters I can none tell
Wyll. yet by my trouth I am your euyll wyll
your will, & your will, & your will, therfore keepe me
I loue ye by goddes mother,
This is a straunge saying but owe
Liberty. My wyl, your wyll, and his wyll, this cannot be
For in our wyles is great diuersitie
For one is not lyke another,
Yet by Christ your owne wyl I am
Wyll. The maddest wyl, and the merriest, than
For goddes sake now, let me be your man
Tyl ye haue better acquaintaunce.
Wealth. I perceyue this felow is kynde
And oweth to vs good wyl and mynde
Some kindes agayne then let him finde
Let him haue some furtherraunce
By god sir and I durst be so bolde
Wyll. Acquaintance of this man clayme I would
and kyndred to, yf the trouth were tolde
we be of one consanguynitie.
Wealth How so, let me here that I pray thee hartily

Wyll



Wyl and lyberty is, of auncientie olde Wyll.
With out lyberte, will dare not be bolde
And where wyl lacketh, lyberte is full colde
Therfore wyl and lyberte must nedes be of kyn.
 In dede as he saythe it may well be Liberti.
For wyl euer longeth vnto lyberte
Therfore good freende welcome to me
I praye you al be good to him And goeth out
 For your sake he is welcome to vs all Welth.
Let him come to our place and than he shall
Haue succoure of vs and helpe withal
& now we wil depart. And welth & helth goth out.
 Wyl ye go hence. I thanke ye masters with al my Wyll.
I wyl seke you out I warraut you feare not (hert
Now they be gone I am glad by saint mary
A lyttel while heare I purpose to tary
How to decepue welth, helth, and libertie
Now must I deuyse.
 For I am a chylde that is pas grace
I wyll I am called that in euery place
Doth much mischiefe this is a playne case
Vertue I doo vtterly dispise,
 But if they wyst what I were
Then of my purpose I should be neuer y were
I wyl kepe my tonge leste that I mis:
My whole intent and wyl.
But now I mernayle by this day
Where Hedwd wit is gone a stray
Some crafty touche is in his way
I here him, peace, stand styll.
 Entreth Hedwd wyt with a tonge.
When bous garde playstaues

On ſeuen or no mumchaunce, what youkens dare
To playe a grote or twaine. (chaunce
Loe heare I haue in ſtore
Two or three grotes and no more
I take great thought therfore
For to kepe it, it is much payne
I come now out of a place
where is a company of ſmall grace
Theues and hores that ſpendes a pace
They were dronken all the ſorte.
One of their purces I did aſpy
Out of his ſleue where it dyd lye
And one wynked on me with his eye
But ther began the ſporte
Their falſe falſehode, and I craftly wyt
got the purſe loe, heare I haue it
I ran my way and ſet hym ſyt
Smoke and mitten arſe together.
And yf that I had yll wyll here
with this money we wolde make good chere
Gentle brother wyll, I pray the apeare
For thou art in ſome corner.

Wytte I wolde come in but I am a feerde
Leaſt that I be taken by the beerde
Wyth ſome catchepol, I haue heard
How thou haſte ſtollen a purſe

wytte Thou horſon art thou mad, cum in I ſay
This is not the fyrſte hazard that I haue traped
yf I make an hand to decke my ſelfe gay
what am I the worſe.

wyll From thy company I cannot abyde
I muſt nedes holde vpon thy ſyde

yll

yWyll and thewdwit who tha pyde
For they will be together.
Now welcome wyll and what chare:
By god I thought for ther a thonſand pere wytte.
Peace for gods body who cummeth there
Hance bere pot Aſton touter.
¶ Entreth Hance with a dutche ſonge.
Gut nyuen ſeone ruttets by the moder got
Ic heiſt ötwue frhon, for ſtaue ye nete
De quelcker mau iche die do do
Uau the greate bumbarde well ic wete
Dartyck dewſant van enhebit mete
Ic beſt de mauikin van de keining dangliter
De grot keyſer kind ic bene dis kulketer
Hert ye not dzonke hance yow he be ging to pzate Wyll.
The ma lawperte ſtemiuge is a little forthe mate
Let the knaue alone, for dis name is war. wytte
Such dzonken ſtemmiuges your company weltnar
Ic beſt nen emond, ic beſt in ſoche Hance.
ye ſeete nete bell ic for ſtaue ye in doche
Crupt hoze leyſ with yont gound ſtand nere Wyll.
yt becummes yeu better to handle a potte of beare
Dat maght ic bell dan, ic can ſkynke freiyck Hance
Tab bers trew, ic bziuges dzoze, begotts nemerick
The hozſeu knaue by the nefe is dzonke wytte.
I winking for Depe his eyen he cleane lonck
Ic fozaue ye bell ye ſeg dat ic ſtope Hance
Nenike, ic nike, ic compts hoze for au and for cope.
Wel coppin I pzay the hartly tell vs trew Wyll.
Wherfoze comeſt thou hether for any thiug to ſew
yeicke feger en bübardere vñ de kopning wel it be Hance.
Heb twe ſkelling de dagh ic ren ſcote de culneryn
Ras

Wytte. Nay ye shall walke a fleming knaue, wyl ye not ſee
We haue Guzlich gunners pnow, there is no roume
Dance Ic best en bombarde makye to mi spzeken (empty
what segge ye bones, it sal ye pode saen
Wyll. We speake not to thee thou art a stone man
But goe thy way they be not here that pzomot þ cā
Dance Cant ye me a de house dzagen dan degrot here.
Wytte. Dance ye must go to þ court & loz welth inquire
Dance What segge ye welth nenyke he is net hoze
welth best in slaunders, it my self bzought him doze
Wyll. Beschzew your hozson flemings hert therfoze.
in dede as he saith, by war in slaūders theris welth
Dance Segt ye dat bzowr. by the moder got dan (stoze
Gut naught it not wakt, to sent eafriu to mi lanima
Wyll. Is he gone, farewel hanykin bowle (& goeth out
I pzay god giue him a pounded dzoule
Loz I trow a knaue bzought hym to house
But now bzother wyt.
We must deuose how that we may
Be in seruise with welth alwaye
Let me here what thou cauſt do or say
To helpe loz to contryue it.
Wytte. Loz thy pleasure that I shall
This wyll I doo first of all
Flatter and lye, and euermoze call
Them my good maysters styll.
Then with swering, lying and powlinge
Bzybzy theft, and pzeuy pyking
Thus I shzed wet, wyll euer be doinge
I warrant ther yll wyll.
Wyll. I tun thee thanke, this is well deuyſed.
But I yll wot, wolde haue euery man diſpiſed

But

Health. To haue you thoch in feldyse I wil endeuor
How say you liberte wil you therto assente
Wyll and wit, god hath by leue
We may be glade of thym
Liberti. Yf we sholde refuse thym and doyt
we were to blame in the ende
Therfore by my wel they shal not lyght
They be welcome to me,
Wyll. God thanke you maisters all thyse
ye shal finde by peze but true we
Wyt. Wyt tonge stombers, I cry you me mey
We wyll be true I should say,
Wealth. Syrys go your way home vnto one place
And be ryght hys by afters pase
Wit. And when we come ther shall set you in case
To haue a lyuing alwoy.
Health. Then loke ye do both truely and wel
Foz we shall put you in great trust
All our possessions guide ye must
thynke you selfe well.
Wyt. Maisters fayre notes I haue with enough
To begyle my selfe, and to begyle you
I haue begyle many one I may say to you
I pray you kepe that in remembrall
Liberty. Be ware of that, what doth he say
Begyle vs all, yet I charge ye nay
Ye shall not begyle vs yf I may
I wyl be ware beforne.
Wyll. Syr be not angry I you praye
The foole wotteth not he doth say
He meneth that he will be reasonable
And saue you many thinges.

What he meaneth, I cannot tell
But his saying is not well
Depart hence sirs by my counsell
And tary vs at our lodging.
Now and it please yr, will ye here any singing
Therein I tell you I am somewhat to answer
ye shall heare and ye list.
Syr I pray you sing and ye can
Now will I begin wyse a iuly bloud that. chei sing
Sirs now go your way of you I am glad (ago out
As of any seruauntes that euer I had
For these can do both good and bad
We must needes haue such men
What were we yf we lacked wyll:
And without wyt we should lyue yll
Therfore wyll and wit I wyll kepe styll.
I promise you I loue them
Here cometh remedy in and to him saith
Syr your mayster is hartely welcome
Take your place here aboue as it is reason.
I pray you pardon vs, we know not what ye be
ye seme a man of honour, and of great auctority
Syr to know wherfore ye come we are desyrous
I am he that ought for to be well knowen
Of you fyre specially, and of duerse
Great payne and busines as for mine owne
For you I haue taken because I lone you hartely
To mayntaine you is all my delyte and facully
yet hard it is to doo, the people be so variable
And many be so wilfull, they will not be reformable.
Syr I pray you pardon vs of our ignorayncc now
I se well ye know vs better than we do you



Now welcome wyll and what chare:
By god I thought for ther a thonſand yere
Peace for gods body who cummeth there
Hance bere pot Aſton couter.

¶ Entreth Hance with a dutche ſonge.

Gut nyuen ſeone ruttets by the moder got
Jt heiſt öwue ſithon, for ſtaue ye nete
De quſteker mau iche die do do
Uau the greate bumbat de well ic wete
Dartyck dewſant van enbe bit mete
Je beſt de mauikin van de keining dangliter
De grot keyſer kind ic bene bis kulketer
Het ye not dzonke hance yow he be gius to praie
The ma lawperte ſlemiuge is a little torbeke mate
Let the knaue alone, for his name is war.
Such dzonken ſlemmiuges your company wſtnar
Je beſt nen emond, ic beſt in ſoche
ye ſecte nete bell ic for ſtaue ye in doche
Crupt haze leyl with your gound ſtand nere
yt becummes ycu better to handle a potte of beare
Dat maght ic bell dan, ic can ſkynke frelyck
Tab bers trew, ic bziuges dzoze, de gotts nemerick
The hozſen knaue by ike u elle is dzonke
I winking ſez dept his eyen de cleane lonck
Je for aue ye bell ye ſeg dat ic ſlope
Nenike, ue nike, je compts boie for au and oz cope.
Wel coppin I pray the partly tell vs trew
Wherfoze comſt thou hether for any thiug to ſew
yeicke feger. en bubardere vñ de kopning wet it be
Heb twe ſkelling de dagh ic ren ſcote de culueryn

Hance.

Wyll.

hyfte.

Hance

hyfte.

Hance

Wyll.

Hance.

Wytte. May ye shall walke a fleming kuaue, wyl ye not see
Hance We haue Guzlich gnnnegs pnow, there is no roume
Jc best en bomberde makye to me: spzeken (empty
what segye ye bones, it sal ye pode saan
Wyll. We speake not to thee thou art a stone man
But goe thy way they be not here that pzomot þ cã
Hance Cant ye me a de house dzagen ban degrot here.
Wytte. Hance ye must go to þ court ẽ foz welly inquire
Hance What segere ye welly nenyke he is net hoze
welly best in slaunders, it my self bzought him doze
Wyll. Beschzew your hozson fleminges hert therfoze.
tu dede as he saith, by war in slaũders theris welly
Hance Segt ye dat bzowet, by the moder got dan (stoze
Gut naught it not wakt, to sent eafrin to mi lanyñ
Wyll. Is he gone, farewel hanykin bowse (ẽ goeth out
I pzay god giue him a pounded dzouse
Foz I trow a knaue bzought hym to house
But now bzother wyt.
We mnst deuose how that we may
Be in seruice with welly alwaye
Let me here what thou canst do or say
To helpe foz to contryue it.
Wytte. Foz thy pleasure that I shall
This wyll I doo first of all
Flatter and lye, and euermoze call
Them my good maysters styll.
Then with swering, lying and powlinge
Bzybzy theft, and pzeuy pyking
Thus I shzed wet, wyll euer be doinge
I warrant ther yll wyll.
Wyll. I cun thee thanke, this is well deuysed
And I yll wil, welde bane euery man disprised

But

Health. To haue you both in feare I will endeuor
How say you libertie will you therto consent.
Will and wit, god hath vs lent
We may be glade of them.
Liberti. If we should refuse them and wyt
we were to blame before the people.
Therfore by my wel they shal not lose
They be welcome to me.
Will. God thanke you maisters all thyse
ye shal finde vs pore but true hertes
Wyt. My tonge stombles, I cry you mercy
We will be true I should say,
Health. Syrs go your way home vnto one place
And be ryght hye vs after pace
And when we come we shall set you meate
To haue a lyuing alway.
Health. Then loke ye do both truely and iust
For we must put you in great trust
All our housholde guide ye must
Diligently you se[e] well.
Maisters I am not sure I haue deceiued
Wyt. To beguyle my self, and to beguyle you
I haue begyled many one I may say to you
I pray you be ye that be not deceiued
Beware of that, what doth he say
Liberty. Beguyle vs all, yet I charge ye nay
Ye shall not beguile vs yf I may
I will be ware before me.
Will. Wyt be not angry I you praye
The foole wotteth not he doth say
He meneth that he will [illegible]
And saue you many thinges.

What he meaneth I cannot ken
But his saying is not well
Depart hence sirs by my counsell
And take vs at our lodging.
Now and it please ye, will ye here any singing
Therein I tell you I am somewhat to sing
ye shall heare and ye list.
Syr I pray you sing and ye can
Now will I begin like a lusty blould man. thei sing
Sirs now go your way of you I am glad (ago out
As of any seruauntes that ever I had
For these can do nothyng good and bad
We must needes haue such men
What were we if we lacked wyll:
And without wyt we doubte hym yll
Therfore wyll and wit I wyll kepe still.
I promise you I loue them
There commeth remedy in and to him saith
Syr your mayster is hartely welcome
Take your place here aboue as it is reason.
I pray you pardon vs, we know not what ye be
ye seme a man of honour, and of great auctority
Syr to know wherfore ye come we are desyrous
I am he that ought for to be well knowen
Of you fyre specially, and of duerse
Great payne and busines as for mine owne
For you I haue taken because I lone you hartely
To maintaine you is all my delyte and faculty
yet hard it is to doo, the people be so variable
And many be so wilfull, they will not be reformable.
Syr I pray you pardon vs of our ignorayncc now
I se well ye know vs better than we do you

Remdi I pardon you, for I doo know you wil both
welth, and helth, is your right names
The which England to fore here were verye loth
For by welth and helth commerth great fames
Many other remines for our great welth names
That they dare not presume, nor thy dare not be bold
To tryne againe England, or any right with holde.
Health Sir ye be welcom, I desyre you show vs your name
remedi Good remedy forsoth I am the same
liberti. yf I durst be so bolde I wolde pray you hartely
To shewe vs apart of your great actorite,
Remdi My actorite is geuen to me most speciall
To maintaine you thyer, in this realme to be
What mine intent is, I will tel, but not all
For that were to longe to reherse of a surety
And I desyre you all for to be louing to me
For your owne ease, come welth and prosyt
Wealth Good remedy, then we must desyre your ayding
For by good remedy cometh all our preferring
Remdi All that I doo intende, if ye will therto agree
And to be reformable for your owne ease
It is not the thynge that lieth only in me
But my good wyl, therfore I wyl not cease
To haue your loue and fauour, and thereby to please
All the worlde ouer, and to promote this realme
That you thyer may prosper, ye perceiue what I meane
The chiefe parte of all welth lyeth in great estates
Theyr substance and landes is right commendable
Prelates of the churche is welthy of ryches
Merchantes hath marchaundise & goods inestimable
Ye of law & handling is welthy which is laudable

thus

This wealth of riches is deuided diuerse wayes
And to these many charges, come now a dayes
Wyth very reasonably to pere your good reporting Wealth
What are we bound to god, which prouideth alwaying
Forgiuen here is not halfe that I could reherse Remedy
The benefits of god that he hath wrought to you welth
Consider Englysshmen, how valiant they be & fierce
Of all nacions none such, when they haue their prefyt
No land can do vs harme, but onely fayled of welth
Remembre what nombre of our ancetres good ordinance
Specially ye grace of god, which is our chefe forderance
If there be any that wyll grudge, murmure or repine
Againe welth, welth & libertie, then must I forth shewe
Shewe mine auctoritie and power, for to remedy it so
That none of you shall diminishe nor anulle be taue
Good remedy must forth may & will speake wont blas
For the comen welth, & welth both of the soule & body
For is mi office & powre, & therfore I haue my auctoritie wealth
Our lorde continue ye, & we thanke you hartily
Both for your good instruction, and for your kindnes
That you intende so wel for vs good remedy
When we haue nede we will desyre your goodnes
When we be infect in the soule or body Health
Then will I seke good remedy for succore
As yet I thanke god I haue no nede greatly
But I haue then wyll I seke to haue your fauour liberty
Syr now we wyl departe hence with your licence
For other diuers dulines that we must haue together Remedy
Sirs I am content, now when ye wyll departe
To god I commyt you I wyll not make you tary
But yet I pray with all my minde and heart
Take hede in any wise ye whewe yl & shrewd company

p'a mã be never soo good a bis ſi ſi ſi be tuit tuit
He that lete his name, & to ſome bies they will him tep
therfore bewar of ſuch people, & from the be exempt
Remedy yes yes I warrant you of ſuch I will be ware.
Farewel good remedy & wel to fare. & goth out
Remdi I pray god be your ſpede & preſerue you frō paine
it is my mind ye ſhold proſper I would haue it ſo fain.
Wyll. Here is none of our acquaintance will retourneth
we haue made ſo longe tariaunce
that wyll ye ſay perchaunce
And they begone home come away apare
Wytte. Nay by god not ſo haſtie
I pytie whyle we wyll tarye
Good euen ſyr to you mary
Dwell ye in this place?
Remdi Nay good fellowe I dwel not here
Wherefore doeſt thou that inquire?
Wouldeſt thou ought with any here
Speake be not afryde
Wyll. By God I would I had pant gowne
And were a myle without the towne
Theron I woulde bozowe a crowne
It is I that ſo ſayde
Wytte. Hew lookeſt thou one him halfe a ſcorne
I promiſe you he is a ſcant gentylman borne
What ſpyeſt thou in his face
Remdi For ſomwhat in his face I loke
And dede his maſterſhip ſtandes a crooke:
For falſe ſhrewes both of you I tooke
And chyldren that be paſt grace.
I wyll ſwere for hym, as for this yeares thende
Wyll. that he hath ben euer as true as I
yet

yet sometyme he will deale and make a lye
He is of my alyaunce.
In good fayth the same thinke I. Remdi
That ye be both lyke, full vnthryfty
Syrs how do ye lyue, shew me quickly
Or I shall put you in duraunce
How liue we, mary our meate Wyfle.
Cummest thou hether for to threte:
So lordly syr william doth speake
From whence doth he come can ye shewe
What dost thou ayle canst thou tell. Wyll.
Hast thou any thing with vs to mell.
By the masse thy handes doth tykell
Thou shalt beare me a blowe.
you false theues I know yt well Remdi
I shall let your purpose euery deale
yll wyll, and shrewd wit, the deuyll of hell
Take ye both forme.
Mary thou lyest, our names be not so- Wyfle.
Call vs but wit, and wyll, adde no more thereto,
yf thou dorst thou were as good no
We shall handle you shrewdly
Syrs fare well here I wil no longer abide Remdi
For you both shortly I wyll prouide
That all your false craft shalbe out tryed
And our subtilitie knowen and goeth out.
To go so soone the horson was wyse Wyfle.
therfore some now I must deuise
that each man may welth, helth and libertie dispise
Or els he wyll marre all our mateer.
Brother wat, let me alone
When they come you shall see me a none

C iij

Complayne of him vnto them all
And put him out of fauour

Welth. Peace no mo wordes, for they come yonder,
wel with Syrs I am glade that you be heare
How doth all our houshold, with them whatchere
Is euery thing in order there
Stirr our intente.

wyll. ye syr they be all merry and glad
With reuell and rout somtime they be mad
Pipe whore hop t heel, euery knaue and drabbe
Is at our commaundement.

Welth turneth hym.

What do ye say, then ye are to blame
And we put you in trust for the same
To kepe such rule, it is a shame
It is not for our honore.

Lyght. By the masse the boyson doth lye
There is no such rule by gods body
A man may hacke his neck as lyghtly
As his fast in your kechin, or celler truly

Liberty turneth him.

With that nother I am nor content
I wolde there should be liberalitie competēt
And with honestie it is conuenient
That our neighbour fare the better
you be angry with all that we haue done
Wyll. Cum away brother let vs go hens soone
I know a new inuentor where we shalbe welcume
God be with you gentyl maister.

Welth. Why wil ye begone for a worde
Peraduenture we did but bourde
We thinke ye should your master coorde



For to speake my minde.

Nay nay, I cantel what was the matter — Wytte

Remedy was here, and he dyd flatter
ye trust he more than vs and better
But marke the ende, what ye shal find
With good remedy we spake in dede — Healthy
To follow his counsel we had neede
He warned vs that we should take hede
Of ertelle and prodigalitie.

I meruayle ye speake so of good remedy
It is I that can do more than he — Wytte
Wyt can make shyft at neteslity
When Remedi cannot be heerde
I know some that hath this thousand yere
Sought god remedy and yet neuer the nere
wit can put remedy by, yea this is cleare — Wyll.
For wit is a crafty lad.

And wyl is an vngracious fray
Wyl hath doone many thinges men say
And yf ye let wit and wil goe his way
ye will repent it soone. — liberty

Why what cause haue you so go your way
ye shall abyde with vs though you say nay
I wyl folow wyl, and wit alway
And so I haue euer done — wytte.
yf I will al my matters wolde so do
Then from your seruyce I wolde not goo
Speake now whether ye wyl or no
And let vs know your minde — Health

Syrs ye be welcome to me playne
And for your company I am full fayne
I had leuer suffer great payne
Then to leue my wit and wyl.

Wyll. Then let vs go hence, with kyndnes my herye do kyll
Health I pray you let vs go, wherfore do we byde styll.

and goeth out

Remdi As touching my first purpose hither I am com again
I trow ye know me, good remedy is my name
That euery day doth take great abor or payne
To amende all faultes, I am chosen to the same
yf any mans conscience here doth grudge or shame
Hauing in him self remorse, & mendes in tyme & space
I am good remedy, and god is ful of mercy and grace
Therfore I wyl stand aside, & a lyttel whyle remaine
Of welth, Helth and Lybertye, for to inquire
How they be ordred, and yf any man complayne
I wil be glad to shew me remedy, my thinke I se one a peare.

Hance Begots dzowse ic my selfe bin cũpt heye scõ lanslus

Remdi Ic not in ander land lopen, al is quade dan

Hance Thou fleming frõ whẽce comest ỳ & what dost ỳ here.

Remdi Ic my self cumt frõ sent Katryns doze mot ic slyne
Get ỳ thether againe, & tary here no lõger (de cã beer

Hance Syr ic mot mid ye spzeken ic my self be en scomaker

Remdi What and thou be therwith I haue nothing a doo.

Hance Ic deft al fozloze, copin is dod, ic maght not do therto

Remdi I pray thee go hence, for thou dost trouble me yll.

Hance Nen ic secker, ic wyl not gon, ic wold fain liue hoze stil

Remdi There is to many aliaunts in this reale, but now I good remedy haue so prouided that Englishmen shall lyue the better dayly.

Hance What segt ye by gots dzowse, dat is de quade man
Be de moze goi, ic my self ic loue de stone Englishman.

Remdi Fie on ỳ flatteryng knaue, fie on you aliaũts al I say
ye can wt craft & subtel figer englishmẽs welth away

Hance O skon mester, ic heb hoze diu, this darten prose
ic can skote de colueryn, & ic can be de beare dzoer,



trust see to prouide that welth from you haue I shall
Ie seg to you dat welth is lopen inan ander contry France
wat he heg dar brough, forstan ye net, segt me
Ie understand the wel, yet thou liest lyke a knaue Remd
welth is here i Englād, & welth stil i trust we shal haue
Ie ment no quad ic loue de englisch man by min here France
Cūp by sent Katrin and ic shal ye geue two hope here,
Get þ hence dröke leming þ shalt tary no leger here Remdi
Wor it net mare herebin, woder sal ic gewest kikkin France
Ic wil to de kaizer gan, dar sall ic wal skinkin & goth
Is he gone I pray god the deuyll go with hym (out Remdi
wher is welth, heith & tiberty. I wold see the comyn
Heith commeth in with a kercher on his head. Health
O good lorde helpe me, by your licence my soueraine
I am homely to com her in your presēce thus diseased
Nede constraineth me, for remedy I wold haue faine
I am infect both body & soul, I pray you be not displesed
Why what ayle you shew me, yet you I do not know Remdy
Glad I am to remedy any man, that is affirmity
I perceiue by your phisnamy, þ ye ar veri weke feble &
yet show me your greefe, & I wil help you gladly (low
Gracio⁹ remedi I thank you, yet I am half ashamed
to shew you mi maladi & mi name, I was called helth Healthy
Therfore I am wel worthi to be punished & blamed
Because I haue not followed your counsel, but al thing
may be suffered saue welth.
Are you helth, this maketh me very pensife and sad Remdy
yet be of good cheere, & show how you were infect
To remedy you any wise you I wold be very glad
for god wyl punish the people when they be defelt
Syr I thanke god therefore wel worthy I am Health
My conscience doth iudge, some inuisible harme I must
I mendes I wyl make to god and the I run.

Will ād wit hath deceiued me in them I put my trust.

Rendi. yf thou haue done amisse, and be sory therfore
Then helpe a mendes is made, for that is contricion
Let that passe, now will I axe you one thyng more
Wher be welth ād Libertie, be they of good disposicio

Healthy As for welth is fallen in decay, and necessitie
By wast & war, thorow yll wyll, and shrewd wit
And lybertie is kept in duraunce and captiuite
God helpe vs all, and sende vs good remedy for it

Rendi. For to heare this tale it maketh my hart beauie
yet be of good cōfort, god is ful of grace, & I am good

Healthy Sir, thē I beseche you help vs in the way of charity

Rendi. I would fayne but I cannot tel which way to begin
Except I might catch wil & wit, then I trow I could
Tye thē shorter, for they destroy welth, helth & liberty
yf I had ꝑ theues, punish thē extremly I wold for sin

Healthy You may soone catch them, if ye will stande a lyde
From this place they two, wyl not longe abide.

Rendi. We thinke by I here them com, helpe to holde the fast

Lyll. Cum in wit for here is no body (Will turneth)
We may be bolde and talke largely
Our hartes to ease and shew plainly
What we haue doone.

Wytte I must nedes laugh I cannot forbeare
To remember warre that knaue wil ye heare
The horson fleming was beshitten for feare
Because he should hoyde so soone.
Herke now do I mernayle by this bread

Wyll. For I weare surely that brith be dead
I saw saw him go with a kercher on his head
As he should go to hangyng.

Wytte Harke in thine eare, yf the horson hap
To complaynete him that were the red cap



I feare thou shortly be wyll vs clap
By the heles from out liuing
Nay nay, there is no doubt — Wyll.
By hym I haue reported all about
That he doth not wel, his good name to put out
yll wyll cannot say wel,
Freude therin thou art the more to blam — remede.
To slaunder me wrongfully, and vndestrued
But or thou depart thou shalt and weze for the same.
wher is Welth & liberty, how hast thou the ordred
Mury circis quest is vn malt ondre — Wyll.
We is vn spy gnardo compoto parlauere.
Thou folle theke is thine English tonge gone — Heuy
as mischeuo' il wil a shrewd wit, ye haue destroyd ma
Sir hurt not me, & I wittel you trouth anone (ni on — Wylle.
This same is as false a knaue as euer cam thin saint
Per amor de my as pica vn poto — Johes wyll.
Co queris and ar pour lagrant creae so
I cannot tel what thou dost meae blabber — Remdy
But y shalt speake English a tonfelle an other mater,
Syr I beseech your lord ship, in the way of charity — Heuy
Let not these theues eskape your hands they haue de-
stroyed vs wretly.
Syr, beleue hym not he speakes but of malice onely — wylle.
we be true men, therof we shall fetch good witnes
An honest man that shalbe bound for him and me
The law sayth plaine, nulla fides contra testes
that is trouth, but who wilbe witnes or bond for the — Remd.
There is three amonge you in this howse — & Wyll.
I lyk so to fetch them quickly — Wylle.
They will come vsed for I warant you if they wyst — Remd
what be their names, tel me what they be, — Wyll.
That on is John Irische and John sholer

But ful thefe be honeſt men all thꝛee

Health Truſt not their wordes they wyll diſſemble ſtyll
They are ſo falſe and crafty, all theyꝛ intent is yll.

Wyll. ye lye falſely, I ſpeake but right and reaſon
And by the law of armes ye muſt nedes be tane
you are called good remedy which al al ſeaſon
Sholde leaue to mans lyfe, and maiutaine the ſame
we be here both your priſoners wꝛongfully accuſed bi
Kepe one of vs faſt let him lye foꝛ all (defame
That other foꝛ frendes and wytnes goo ſhall.

wytte, Syꝛ let hym not goo and leue me behynde
He wyl euer be a falſe knaue, foꝛ I know his mynde

Wyll. Holde thy tonge folith knaue I do not meane ſo

Remdt I here now ye cannot agre, which of you ſhould go

Wyll. No by gods body there ſhall none go but I

Wytte. Thou playeſt the knaue it muſt nedes be I

Health Kepe them ſafe I pꝛay you foꝛ yt they ſcap againe
Many men ſhal repent it, it ſhalbe to our payne

Remdt They be here yet, to kepe them faſt is myne intent,
Haue them away both to pꝛiſon in continent.

wyll. Lo falſe knaue this is for thy crafty wit.

Wyll. Now faſt by the beeles we are lake to ſpt.

Wytte. I am content ſo that I may haue company
yt I ſhold behanged, I wold be hãged honeſt (a goth
Remdt Go hence with them a dyng welth a liberty. (out
helth, Coin away ye theues, now I ſhall kepe you ſurely,
Wyll. Lock vs by a kepe vs as faſt as ye can (a goth out
yet yll wyl and wꝛewod wit ſhalbe with many a man.

Remdt I am ſore aſhamed, that long it hath ben ſayd
That noble men by ſuch wꝛetches hath bꝛn deceiued
they did reioyce and ieſt, and were very well apaide
Truſting to ſcape cleare, and ſtyl foꝛ to haue rained
But now they ſhall not ſo, let them be wel aſſured

that



That ylwyl and shrewde wyt shal haue but yl rest
For where soeuer they be I wyll breake theyr nest
In the honour of god we all be poun forgeuenes all thy wealth
we ought to be ashamed to looke you in the face
By our folye & negligence, we haue done so vnwisely
we were towle deceyued, we put vs to your grace
Thys shalbe a good warding for vs alonge space
whan man is wel punished then he wyl beware
who that kuoweth what nede is, wel after dyde care
I may not blame you gretly for by mine owne reason Kendal
I know ylwyl and shrewde wit deceiueth great & smal
ryche can remedye thys, and beware a nother season
This is a good example and lerning to you all
Now serue god and loue him, & for grace euer call
And ylwyl and shrewde wyt, from you I shall abstaine
ye haue bid them to longe to your domage and pain.
For lothy syr ye sai trouth, they did vs great dispyt sur health.
full hardit is to vanquishe the vngracious ylwyl
He is so croked, by flattery, dissimulation & such other
Mannes mynde is so variable, & glad to repoyt yl
I feare many one yet wolde haue him raine styll
For some vnto their owne wyl hath so much affection
yet the devyl and yl wyl is both of one complexion liberte.
yll wyll is nought, but worse is shrewde wyt
For he contriueth al subtilly manginacien
yt were vnpossyble for a man els to doo it
shrewde wyt shreweth vnyeke, & false conspyracion
He hath put me lyberty in prison, and great tribulacion
if it had not bene for your good remedi & forthersice
I & other y hath libertie, shold haue bē in duraunce.
Be al of good chere, and haue no mistrust
The ende of yl wyl and shrewd wyt is but shame
Though they seruse a while, wrongfully and

yet truth wyll appeare and their mysdedes blame
Then wronge is subdued, and good remedy tane
Though falsehod cloke, and hide his matters all
Craft wyll out and diseite wyll haue a fall
Whereas ye are now, in distresse all three
Neare were ye brought in case lyke to marre
Now haue ye no doubt, yf ye wyll be ruled after me
I shal restore ye agayne as well as euer ye were
Welth kepe stylle this realme, looke ye stray not farre
And Welth be of good chere, your disease I can soone
Liberty now ye be released do no more offend, (mende
Wealth Now let vs al thāke god ꝑ good remedy hath sende
Trust to hym only for his grace and goodnes
we are forgiuenes of our trespas I truste we wil amend
And cleane forsake syn, foly, and vnthryftines
Wherof we wil here cōclude, souereine of your graciousnes
we beseech you to eyther negligence, & mis vs haue
There we haue sayd amis, we cōmit alto your fauor
Health And for your preseruacion hartely we wyl pray
your realme to increase, with ioy and tranquilitie
That welth, helth & liberty, may continue here alway
By the ouersight and aide of him that is good remdy
which willingly doth his deuce, vnder your ensygne
As parte here apereth your purpose to maintaine
God continue his goodnes, that longe he may raigne
Remdi Iesu preserue quene Elizabeth ꝑ noble prince worthy
Iesu continue her helth long for to endure
Iesu indue her w vertue grace & honour (remedi euer
Iesu maintaine the lords of ꝑ counsel to execute good
Iesu spede and helpe al them gods honour to further
Iesu increase the comunalte to prosper and doo wel.

FINIS.

Tudor Facsimile Texts.

IMPATIENT POVERTY.

First Known Edition *1560.*

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I feare thou shortly be wyll vs clap
By the heles from out liuing!
Nay nay, there is no doubt Wyll.
By hym I haue reported all about
That he doth not wel, his good name to put out
yll wyll cannot say wel,
Freude therin thou art the more to blam remede.
To slaunder me wrongfully, and vndeserued
But or thou depart thou shalt and were for the same.
wher is Welth & liberty, how hast thou the ordred
Mury ricis quest is vn mall ombre Wyll.
Ne is vn spy e nardo compoto parlauere.
Thou folse rhese is thine English tonge gone Heauy
as mischeuo' il wil a wrewd wit, ye haue destroyd ma
Sir hurt not me, & I wittel you trouth anone (ni on Wylle.
This same is as false a knaue as euer cam wiu saint
Per amez de my as pi ca vn poro Johēs wyll.
Co queris and ar pour lagnant creae so
I cannot tel what thou dost meae blabber ; Remdy
But y shalt speake English a tonfelle an other mater,
Wyr I beseech your lordship, in the way of charity Heauy
Let not these theues escape your hands they haue de-
stroyed vs vtterly.
Wyr, beleue hym not he speakes but of malice onely wylle.
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An honest man that shalbe bound for him and me
The law sayth plaine, nulla fides contra testes
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There is three amonge you in this howse &
I Iyl go to fetch them quickly Wyll.
They will come volēd for I warant you if they wyll Wylle.
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They are ſo falſe and crafty, all theyr intent is yll.

Wyll. ye lye falſely, I ſpeake but right and reaſon
And by the law of nature ye muſt nedes be tane
you are called good remedy which at al ſeaſon
Sholde leaue to mans lyfe, and maintaine the ſame
we be here both your priſoners wrongfully accuſed bi
Kepe one of vs faſt let him lye for all (deſame
That other for frendes and wytnes goo ſhall.

wytte, Syr let hym not goo and leue me behynde
He wyl euer be a falſe knaue, for I know his mynde

Wyll. Holde thy tonge foliſh knaue I do not meane ſo

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Wyll. No by gods body there ſhall none go but I

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I am content to that I may haue company
yf I ſhold behanged, I wold be hāged honeſt (a goth

Remdi, Go hence with them a bring welth a liberty. (out

helth, Com away ye theues, now I ſhall kepe you ſurely,

Wyll. Lock vs vp a kepe vs as faſt as ye can (a goth out
yet yll wyl and ſhrewd wit ſhalbe with many a man.

Remdi I am halfe aſhamed, that long it hath ben ſayd
That noble men by ſuch wretches hath ben detained
they did reioyce and ieſt, and were very well apaide
Truſting to ſcape cleare, and ſtyl for to haue rained
But now they ſhall not ſo, let them be wel aſſured

that

That ylwyl and shrew be wyt shal haue but yl rest
For where soeuer they be I wyll breake theyr nest
In the honour of god we all be pon forgeuenes although we ought to be ashamed to looke you in the face
By our folye & negligence, we haue done so vnwisely
we were towle deceyued, we put vs to your grace
Thys shalbe a good warding for vs alonge space
when man is wel punished then he wyl beware
who that kuoweth what nede is, wel after dede care
I may not blame you gretly for by mine owne reaso. Remedi
I know ylwyl and shrewd wit deceiueth great & smal
yf ye can remãbre thys and beware a nother season
This is a good example and lerning to you all
Now serue god and loue him, & for grace euer call
And ylwyl and shrewde wyt, from you I shall obtaine
ye haue wild them to longe to your domage and paine.
Forsoth syr ye sai trouth, they did vs great dispyte sur health.
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He is so croked, by flattery, dissimulation & such other
Mannes mynd is so variable, & glad to report yl
I feare many one yet wolde haue him raine styll
For some vnto their owne wyl hath so much affection
yet the deuyl and yl royl is both of one complexion liberty.
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For he contryueth al subtilymanginacien
yt were vnpossyble for a man els to doo it
shrewdwyt shreweth vpsee, & false conspyracion
He hath put me lyberty in pryson, ād great tribulacion
if it had not bene for your good remedi & forthersice
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Be al of good chere, and haue no mistrust Remedi
The ende of yl wyl and shrewd wyt is but shame
Though they reygne a whyle, wrongfully and vniu

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Though falsehod cloke, and hide his matters all
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Now haue ye no doubt, yf ye wyll be ruled after me
I shal restore ye agayne as well as euer ye were
Welth kepe fyll this realme, looke ye stray not farr
And Helth be of good chere, your disease I can soone
Liberty now ye be released do no more offend, (mēde
wealth Now let vs al thāke god ỹ good remedy hath sende
Trust to hym only for his grace and goodnes
we are forgiuenes of our trespas I trust we wil amēd
And cleane forsake syn, foly, and vnthryftines
ỹ we wil here cōclude, soueraine of your graciousnes
we beseech you to excuse our negligence, & mild behauor
There we haue sayd amis, we cōmit al to your fauor
Health And for your preseruacion hartely we wyl pray
your realme to increase, with ioy and tranquilitie
That welth, helth & liberty, may continue here alway
By the ouersight and aide of him that is good remdy
which willingly doth his deuce, vnder your actorite
As parte here apereth your purpose to maintaine
God continue his goodnes, that longe he may reigne
Remdi Iesu preserue quene Elizabeth ỹ noble prince worthy
Iesu continue her helth long for to endure
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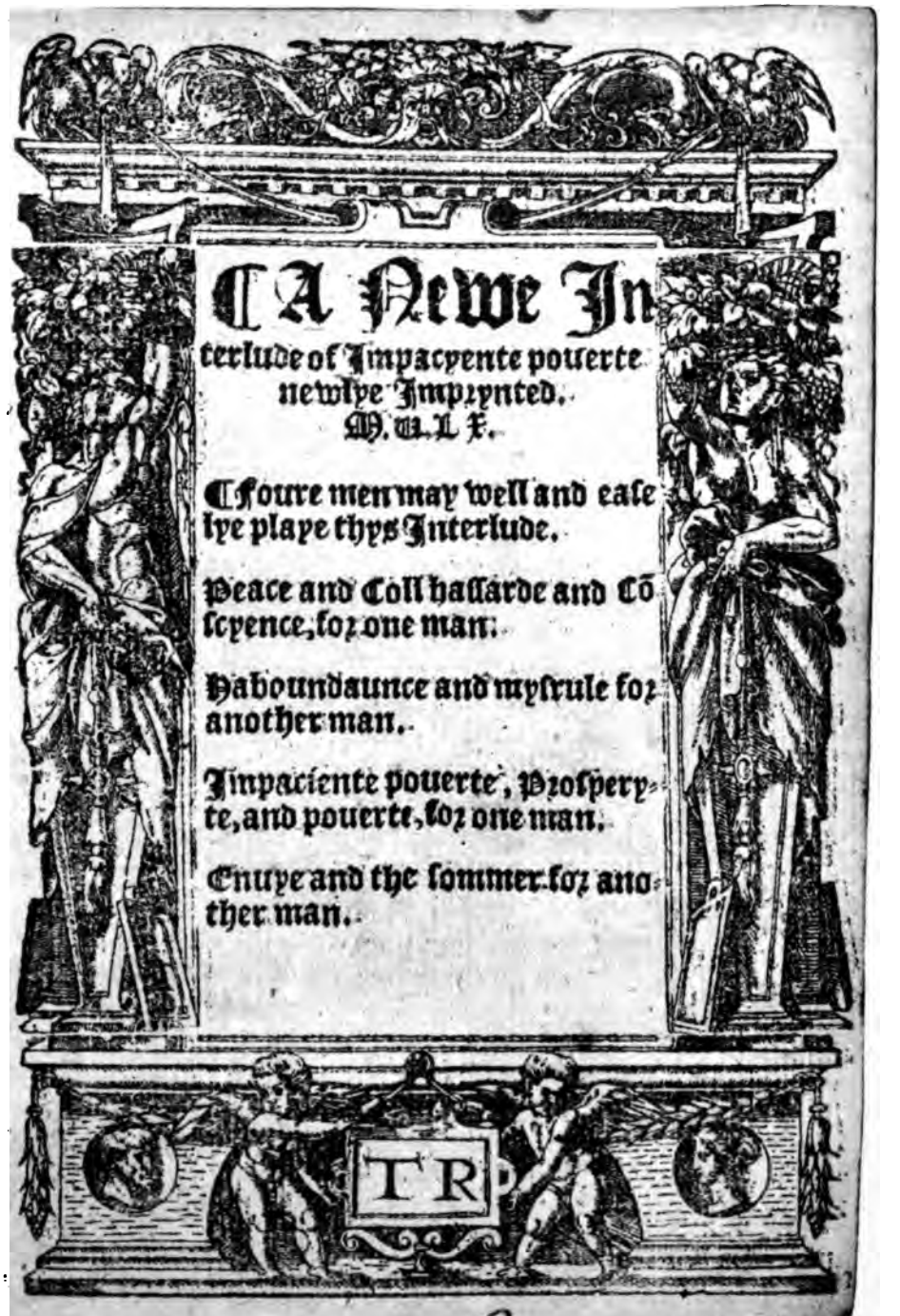
Impatient Poverty.

1560.

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MCMVII.





A Newe In

terlude of Impacyente pouerte newlye Imprynted.

M. D. L. X.

Foure men may well and eaſe lye playe thys Interlude.

Peace and Coll hallarde and Cō ſcyence, for one man.

Haboundaunce and myſrule for another man.

Impaciente pouerte, Proſperyte, and pouerte, for one man.

Enuye and the ſommer for another man.

TR



Peace begynneth.

The puissaut pryuce and moost parey
whych hymself hath bought fro the fyre infernall
Illumyne hys hooneste congregacyon
To wythstand the conflictes of their enemyes mortall
The deuyll, the worlde, & the flesshe, that is to say
whych setteth dyuision betwene the soule & the body
In like wise enuy setteth debate betwene party & party
I speake for this cause, that ye may se
How we that by enuy and malyce, shall be destroyed
which yf they had lyued in peace & quyetnesse
Ryches and prosperite with them had ben employed
For where as is peace, no man is annoyed
For by peace men growe to great ryches
Where by peace men lyue in greate quyetnesse
Enuy wyth me shall neuer rest
For enuye is one of the paynes of hell
When that he soiourneth within a mans brest
Lyke the burnynge fyre in her owne nest
Though she can none other hurte ne greue
yet she doth not cease her selfe to myscheue
I sye here was a longe predication
We though ye sayd in your communycacyon
To euery man peace was most behoued
Forsoth and so sayde I
That shalbe proued contrarye by and by
For by peace moche people are vndone
what people are tho.
The armurer, the fletcher, and the bowyer
Maryners, gonners, and the ooze so wager
yea and also many an other artyficer
which I do not reherse by name

peace. I say the vnyuersall people doth best obtayne
where as peace is euer abydynge
vnyte. Thou lyest so god me helpe and haly dome
For there neuer sungyn was cleane vndone
Nether that wyll fyght and breake a peace
They gete good lyuynge both erly and late
And what sayest thou by men of la we
Theyr lyuyng were not worth a stra we
And euery man shulde lyue in peace.
peace. That is not for the commons encrease
For by peace they prosyte in many a thynge
Peace setteth vnyte betwene kynge and kynge
In tyme of peace marchauntes haue theyr course
To palle and repalle
vnyte. Thou lyest knaue by the malle
For vnder colour of peace moch vntrouthe haue ye vsed
And thyns are taken ꝑ marchantes ders haue dought
was that for theyr promocyon
Nay in tyme of war
Suche a knaue durst not here
By ꝑ malle were it not for shame thou shuldest bere the
peace. Holde thy handes thou lewde felow
Thou arte of euyl dyspolicyon
Thus agaynst peace to repugne
The whyche from heauen descended downe
To bryngd man out of captiuite
vnyte. A horlon why doest thou lye
when were thou in heauen tell me by and by
Dowcamest thou downe with a ladder or a rope
peace. It were no tyme to hange the by thy note
Thy wordes be emptyons not grounded on thruthe
vnyte. For one thynge I praye you tell me.
peace. What is that

Haue ye any wyfe or no
wherfore aske ye
Bycause ye saye peace is nolle expedyent
yf your wife made you cuckolde you beyng present
what wolde ye do
Geue hys lache punyshement as longeth therto
A false flatteryng hoyson loo
Now we thou layest agaynst thyne owne declaracyon
yf thou fyght where is then peace become.
I breake not peace with doyng due correccyon
For correccyon shuld be done charitably
Penitencia est nolite peccare
I shall mete that at omnium quare
Peace shuld forgeue, and not be reuenged
Pens horson by our ladye al wolpit
I shall rappe the of the pate
Go hence wretche thou make debate
It were alwey to set the in the wgate
Now we may se so many come here
Here is no mo strike wythout reason
Take and put him in prysen
with as many pyons as he may beare
By our lady I wyll come no nere
A constable, quod ha, nay that wyll I not abyde
For I am bothe to go further tyde
yet longe hoolen for all thy pryde
I shall mete wyth the another daye
when one of vs two shall goo a knaue awaye
O thou wretche thou ought to remorde
That so farre arte exiled from chaurete
Lo he thynketh not how meekely his maker & Lorde
Suffered repreue and dyspyson a tre
Geuyng vs exemple that wythe humylyte

Euer man shulde folowe his trace
That in heauen wyl clayme a place
Impacyent pouerte.
Kepe hepe for corpsface.
why arte thou so out of pacyence
A knaue wolde haue rested me I owe him but xl.
Ye shall abyde by goddes dere blest. (pens
Take hede my frende thus sayth the terte
In lyttle medlynge standeth great rest
Therfore paye thy duetye well and honestly
with fewe wordes discretelye
Another tyme ye shall be the better trusted
That wil I neuer do while I liue let him do his best
I had leuer laye all my good to pledge
To gete a wryte of prouiledge
So may I go by his nose at large
Spyte of hys tethe who so euer saye naye
This is but a wilful mynde, yf thou wilt not paye
They very duety whych can not be denayde
Getynge of thy wryte and expence in the lawe
wyl cost more then thy duety, thys wyll I know
Thy dette therwith can not be payde
It is onely a deferringe of the payemente.
yet the knawe shall not haue hys entente,
Thou shalt paye by ryghtfull iudgement
For the lawe is indifferent to euery person
I se thou holdest on his opynion
yet I set not by you both a ryshe
And I mete the knawe I shal bewe his fleshe
Helpe hym thou olde chorle and thou can
I se thou arte an vnsyghtly disposed man.
I vtterly forsake thy condycyon
Mary auaunt longe prestous horsson

I set not by the nor him, I make God a mock
I am as good a man as thou for all thy good
Let it be tryed by manhode, and therto I gyve the my
All such warryours I do response (glove Peace.
For peace louyth not to fyght
No olde foole, thou wolt lose thy mayster impac
For in age is nought but cowardyse ouer pa
youth with hys courage lyghte Peace.
Nor strenght with multitude I do the plyght.
Are not onely the cause of victory
No good syr, what then. impac
Grace and good gouernaunce of man Peace.
For with good discretion thei began.
That were the greate winners of victory
Then victory is gotten by discretion impac
I praye your syr she we me thys lesson tant po
How we to come to rychesse, for that is all my care.
For I am euer in greate necessyte
Meate and drinke with me is scarsite
No man will truste me of a peny
And also my clothes are but bare
Good syr what saye you therin
I holde it pitifull pouertie thy name. Peace
Shewe me what is thy name
I am named Impacyente pouerte impac
For ofte tyme that name full well be Peace
Thou arte so full of wrath and enuye
In the can growe no grace
But yf thou wylte forsake sensualyte
And be gouerned by reason as I shall enduce the
Thou shalte come to rychesse, wythin shorte space
Shewe me that now me in thys place Impac
And therto I wyll agree

Thou wylte leaue by me yf I wyll
Do vntoo you no thynge euyll
Behaue you thy selfe lyke to the
Man hym no more than no degree
And then thou shalt our lorde please
Shall I gyue thy self that leue to me?
Those that trouble and vexe me shamefully
That wyll I neuer do whyle I lyue.
Thou oughtest charitably all thynges forgeue
What soeuer any man to the saye
Let as thou harde it not, turne thy mynde away
Thou shalte please god yf thou so do.
Naye by good there hon
What is he in all thys place
That wyll do as thys man sayde
Se we me or I go
Yf a man dyde a greate offence
Wyll ye kepe your pacyence
Naye by god no bo
I put case I breake your heed
Wyll ye suffre that in eche wyse
To suffer for Christes sake I shall haue medy
That wyll I fende by all the wayes
Holde thy hande and kepe pacyence
Thynke what Christe suffered for our offence
He was beaten, scourged, & spytte on wyth vyllanye
And suffered death for our sake
Yet he toke it pacyentlye
He forgaue hys death and prayed for hys enemyes
Bare thus in hys sayinge was truelye
An example for vs to take
To be meke in harte, beare poore spirites
Shal Christe saye full euen



Et venite benedicti: come my blessed chyldren
To the kyngdom of heauen.
Syr I thanke you, for your ghostly instruction impac
vnto your saying, I can make no delayaunce ent p
I putte me vnder youre gouernacion
And for myssededes, I take greate repentaunce
Then to my lastinge, take good remembraunce Peace
Exercyse youre selfe in vertue, from this tyme hence
And vnto peace euermore be obediente
Set before euery sharpe worde, a shylde of sufferaunce
And when tyme is of youre conuersyssaunce
Then pacifie it with benynge resystaunce
Syr grammercy, ye haue brought me to thys estate impac
By your aduertisment I am wyllyng to lyue in chrystes ent p
Ther as I haue offended hym both erly & late (law
I serued hym not for loue nor for awe
Therfore now ryghte well I knowe
That powerte and myserye that I my lyfe in lede
It is but onely punishemente for my myssdede
Nowe or we any further procede Peace
Holde thys vesture and put it on the
From hence forth thou shalte be called prosperite
I thancke God and you, I am in felicite Prosp
Nowe vnto you I shall here shewe Peace
Of soche thynges as ye shall eschewe
Fyrste youre soule loke that ye kepe cleane
Beware of mysrule in any wyse
Playe not at caylles, cardes nor dyse
Also from mis women, for by them mischefe may ryse
As it doeth often, this daylye is sene
Haunte no tauernes, nor sytte not vp late
Let not hasarde nor riotour, tyll you be checke mate
For then wyll enuy come, and make debate

The whiche shall cause greate trouble
Be plentifull of soch as god hath sent
Unto the poore people, geue wyth good intente
For euerye peny that so is spente
God wyll sende the double.
Take hede and do as I haue sayde
Prospe. Syr therwith I holde me well apayed
As ye haue commaunded me it shall be done
Peace. Then let vs departe for a season
yf ye nede I wyll be your protection. Exiit ambo
Joye and solace be in this hall
Pabon. Is there no man here, that knoweth me at all
I am beloued both wyth greate and small
Haboundaunce is my name
I haue all thynges as me lyst
Meate drynke, and clothe of the best
Golde and syluer full is euery chest
In fayth I wyll not layne
I thynke ye know me not my wayes
Howe I gette goodes nowe a dayes
By a proper meane
Thynke you that I wolde
Lende eyther syluer or golde
That daye shall not der sene
But I wyll lende them ware
That shall be bothe badde and deare
Not worthe the money he shall paye
And yf he can no suerte gette
Of my ware he getteth ryghte nought
wythout a good pledge he laye
Then wyll I for myne auayle
He shall make a byll of sayle
To me full bought and solde



Yf the daye be eryy;ed and paſſe
Then wyll I holde it faſte
Ye ſhall not haue it thoughe he woulde
Thus crafte I haue longe vſed
And ſome men do not yet refuſe it
This is ye openlye knowne
what is he in all thys towne
That wyll lende wythout ſyngulier commodytie
Shoulde I lende wythoute a p;ofite
Naye then I holde noughte wo;the my wytte.
All this ye ſaye, is agaynſte conſcience Conſ
Conſcience quod a, naye the; ſhall we neuer thryue Babe
Fo; I knowe hym not a ſpue
By conſcience that commeth to ſubſtaunce
I haue all maner of marchandy
I ſell fo; longe dayes to theym that are nedy
And fo; the paymente I haue good ſuertye
Bounde in ſtatute marchaunte
Bycauſe I maye fo;beare
I ſell my ware ſo deare
I make .xl. of .xx. in halfe a yeare
Other men do ſo as well as I.
Euen ſynne, bery ſhame marye fye Conſ
theſe goodes are gotten vntreweiye
Many a man is vndone thereby
To take thys ware ſo deare
They ſeke to me bothe farre and neare Babo
We thyncke it is a good dede
To helpe a man at hys nede
yet haue I other meanes
whereby I gette great gaynes
I thyncke ye knowe not that.
I, no God wote Conſ

boll. No ye are but an ydyote
I solde a man as moche ware, as came to .xl. pounde
And in an obligacyon, I hadde hym bounde
To paye me at a certayne daye
And when the bargayne was made playne
Myne owne seruaunt, bought the same ware ageyn
For the thyrde penny it coste, ye wote what I meane
But was not thys a wyse waye?

onsci. Thou shalte repente it another daye
I charge the as farre as I maye
Suche false wayes neuer begynne

boll. Wherfore this is no synne
It is playne byenge and sellynge
Lawfull it is for a man to wynne
Els ryche shall he neuer be.

onsci. Wynnynge to be hadde, with due discrecyence
In true byenge and sellynge, is not to be commende
But for thi false vsury thou art cursed in the sentence
I praye God geue the grace for to amende.

boll. Is euery man accursed, that doeth bye and sell
Then shall no man wyth marchaundyse mell
Howe shall the worlde then be vpholde

onsci. Haye fyr, anone ye do vnderstande me
All those that occupye false vsurye
And transgresseth the lawes of God by iniquitie
All soche are accursed I you tolde
As for byenge and sellynge, nedes must be
And God commaundeth to lende to them that are nedy
So it be not to theyr enterye
For luker to theym solde.

boll. Howe shoulde I sel, shewe me youre wayes

onsci. ye maye not sell the dearer for dayes
yf ye doo, it is contrarye to Goddes lawes

It is vsed in oure Countrye — Pab
It is the moze pytye — Con
One soche is able to destroye a Cytye
And God shewe not hys greate mercye
All soche are dampned by hys equite
God forfende that shoulde be — Pabo
Yo we shall men doo that be of greate reputacyon
Whyche kepte theyr goodes on this same fashyon
By vsury, bycreppte, and by extorcyon
I doo so my selfe, wherfore houlde I lye
Thou mayste be the more sorye — Conf
It is so nowe, what remedye — Pabo
Doo make restytucyon — Conf
What call ye restytucyon — Pabo
Restore soche goodes as ye haue gotten — Conf
Wrongefully by oppression — Pabo
Then shall I haue lyttle in my possessyon
I wyll make God amendes, another waye
I wyll faste, and I wyll prayse
And I wyl geue almes euery daye
That I haue done amysse, I am sory therfore — Conf
This is not sufficyente, thou muste restore
Nuia non dimittitur peccatum
Nisi restituatur ablatum
ye muste restore to theym, ye haue offended vnto
Then I shall shewe you what I shall doo — Pabo
I wyll putte it in my Testamente
That myne executours shall paye and contente
For whyle I lyue, I wyll not haste my good spente
For yf I do I am but spyte
Whe amendes man for thy gylte — Confe
Rather spyll thy bodye, then spyll thy soule
Men of substaunce are ashamed to fall — Pabo

nſci. That cauſeth them to reſt in theyr ſynne
abou. Yet euer with thy ſtrongeſt part renneth the dail
onſci. Yeſterdaye thou canſt not agayne call
When ꝑ art dead ꝑ gate of mercy is ſhut ꝑ can not co-
abou. Then let hym ſtande wythout (me in
onſci. So of thy ſoule thou haſte no doute
abou. When thou ſeeſt my ſoule toyne ſet on a cloute
yf falſhode, vſury, and extoꝛcyon ſhoulde not route
Thoulandes in thys realme ſhoulde be put out
The thyꝛde parte ſhoulde not byde by ſaynt Paule
onſci. Yet often falſhode hath a greate fall
An exaumple by kynge Achab whych is ſothe
Deſyꝛed the byneyarde of that pooꝛe man Nabothe
By counſell of Jezabell that kynges wyfe
Becauſe he wolde not ſell hys poſſeſſyon
Of two falſe witneſſes he was peached of hye traſon
And thꝛough the mouth of a falſe queſt it raue
Which cauſed the pooꝛe man to leſe both land & lyfe
After that of goddes owne byddinge
Came Helias the pꝛophet to Achab the kynge
Sayinge he ſhoulde haue euyll endynge
And ſo he had, foꝛ by the waye as he rode
He fell & bꝛake his neck, wher dogs lapped his blode
Thys exãple to al vſurers & oppꝛeſſours as thynketh me
Shuld cauſe thẽ of god ſoꝛe a dꝛed to be. (cõtrary
abou. Syꝛ ye pꝛeache very holily, but our dedes be often
ye be ſo acquaynted wyth couetouſe and ſymony
That maketh vs to take the ſame waye
onſci. So euery cuyll diſpoſed perſon doeth ſaye
The fraylte of man doeth often offende
Then call foꝛ grace, and ſhoꝛtely amende
Therfoꝛe I counſell the to pꝛetende
To repente and be ſoꝛye foꝛ thy myſdede



yet thus I wyll my lyfe lede
For of your sayinge I take no hede
ye wyll mucker vp bothe golde and treasure
ye haue ryches wythout measure
And of the fleshe ye haue youre pleasure
ye cā fynde no wayes to amend your selfe I you insure
Therfore rebuke not me for my synne ne good
God be wyth you, ye shall not rule me
Double wyte plunged by ygnorraunce
Regardynge nothynge of ghostly instructyon
Settynge more hys minde on worldly substaunce
Then on the euerlastynge lyfe that is to come
God wyll stryke when he lyst, ye knowe not how sone
Therefore to euery man thys counsell I geue
To be sorry for your sine, & do penaūce while ye lyue
Here cometh enuye runnynge in
Laughyng, & sayth to conscyence.
Nowe in fayte I wolde ye had be there
wyere shulde I haue be.
A better sporte ye neuer se.
whereat laughe ye so fast
Ye to go and she after.
And wythin a while he caughte her
He toke of her an inocke
And chopte her on the hele wyth hys fote
Anone he whypte her on the backe
A horsone quod she, playest thou me that
And with her hele she gaue hym a spat
That he was fayne to go backe agayne.
Good felowe thou arte to blame
Soche wordes to haue, no good thou can.
I sayde it to make you sporte and game
I crye you mercye, I was to blame.

I se ye are some vertuous man

Conſci. Wholy hence that waye thou came
For here thou shalte not be

Enuye. Good Lorde some succour thou sende me
That I be not oute caste

Conſci. what is thy name, shortely shewe me

Enuye. I dare not syr; By Christe Jesu
Excepte ye kepe it preuelye

Conſci. Feare not saye on hardelye

Enuye. Syr, my ryghte name is charitie
Sometyme beloued I was wyth the spyritualtye
But now coueteouse & symony doeth them so auaūce
That good institucyon is turned to other ordynaunce
And bonum exemplum is put to suche hynderaunce
That here I dare not apeare

Conſci. Symony is not nowe in the spyrituaitie
Bonus pastor ouium, therto wyll see
Therfore me thynche thys is a lye
In holy Church symony can not abyde

Enuye. He goeth in a clocke, he can not be espyde
And coueteouse so craftely doeth prouyde
That bonus pastor ouium, is blynde and wyl not see

Conſci. Thys that ye speake is vppon enuy
Therfore I thincke ye be not charytye
For charytie alwaye wyll saye the beste

Enuye. Amonges theym can I haue no reste

Conſci. Howe do ye wyth the themporalte

Enuye. There is pryde, lewth and lechery
whych putteth me from that place

Conſci. Then be ye wyth the communaltye

Enuye. They despyse me veterlye
One of theym loue not another
the syster can not loue the brother



Ne the chylde the father ne mother
There I darc not shewe my face.
This is to me a straunge case Consci.
What heare ye by conscyence.
Spirituall & tẽporal set agaynst him marualously Enuye.
Marchaũtes, men of law, & artificers of euery degre
They wyl hange hym and they hym espye
Soch exclamaciõ goeth through this realme round
Why what faute haue they founde Consci.
wyth hym so to do
Hys wytte is noughte, they saye also Enuye.
Euerye man putteth hys wyll thereto
To banyshe hym for euer.
I knowe well it is not as ye saye Consci.
For I am conscyence the hye iudge of the lawe
Be ye conscience, alas that euer I thys day sawe Enuye.
yf ye be taken, ye shalbe hanged and drawe
For they haue vtterly put you downe
And set couetyse in youre rowme
Subtylte the scrybe hys owne cosyn
And falsshed the sommer for the courtes promocyon.
I maruayle wherfore thys was done
When ryches came before you that moch wyl paye Consci.
There he had lyued in synne many a daye Enuye.
ye shulde for money lette hym go quite awaye
And put hym to no shame
Let pouerte do penaunce for a lyttle offence
He is not able to promote you of .xx. pence
Then shulde ye haue kepte your residence
And gotten your selfe a good name.
Who so doeth they are to blame Consci.
In myserderynge them in soche wyse
ywys cosyn I shewe you as nowe is the guyse

For by couetyse moche people doeth dyspyse
whych is agaynst both you and me
Conscy. Charyte I praye you shewe what remedye
In thys matter for me may be founde
Envye. Shortely get you to wyldernes, or some other regyon
For they wyll hange you up at the Tyborne
yf they fynde you in thys place
And I muste departe also
Consci. Thys is to me moche sorowe and woo
I wyll go into some farre countre
Farwell gentyll colyn charyte
Envye. I shall praye for you, praye ye for me.
Thys is an heauy departynge
I can in no wyse forbeare weepynge
yet kysse me or ye go
For sorowe my harte wyll breke in two.
Is he gone, then haue at laughynge
I syr is not thys a ioly game
That conscience doeth not knowe my name
Envy in sayth I am the same
what nedeth me for to lye
I hate conscience, peace loue and reste
Debate and stryfe that loue I beste
Accordyng to my properte
when a man louethe well hys wyfe
I bryngе theym at debate and stryfe
This is seene daylye
Also betwene syster and brother
There shall no neyghboure loue an other
where I dwell bye
And nowe I tell you playne
Of one man I haue disdayne
Prosperyte men do hym call

He is nye of my blood
And he to haue so moche worldly good
That greueth me worse of all
Jesus that is bothe stedfaste and stable Prosp
Euer perseuerauntand neuer mutable
He saue thys congregacyon
welcome pouerte by cors passyon Enuye
How we haue ye done thys many a daye
I thanke god as well as any may Prosp
ye call me wrong my name is prosperyte
Prosperyte wyth an euyll happe Enuye
How we the deuyll fortunelle that
I knewe the impacyent pouertye
what so euer I was let that matter pas Prosp
And take me as I am ryte.
I crye you mercye I was to blame Enuye
To call you by your olde name
yet all these people thynke ye are the same
impacyent pouertye as I sayd before
Iuant I tell the. I am gentylman bore Prosp
yf I heare the reporte suche wordes any more ryte.
Thou shalt be punysshed like a knaue.
Knaue quod a. by cors passyon Enuye
I am youre owne cosyn
And nye of your consanguynite.
Thou and I are not of one affynyte Prosp
yf I were a ryche man, ye wold not saye so by me Enuye
ye wold then say I were your next kynsman on lyue
I saye go hence and make no more stryfe Prosp
I set not by suche a pore haskarde, ryte.
Wyl do not ye knowe my name Enuye
I knowe the not by sayntIame. Prosp
Charyte in fayth I am the same Enuye

What nedeth me for to lye
I am youre cosin and so wyll I dye
ye maye be gladde soche a kynsman to haue
Prospe. Shall we haue more a doo yet thou knaue
I charge the, neuer knowe me for thy kynne
Enuye. I praye you one worde or I goo
Prospe. Saye on shortelye then haue I doo
Enuye. Syr, I haue of golde thre hundreth pounde
In a bagge faste ybounde
At home locked in my cheste
I purpose to goo to Jerusalem
ye shall kepe it tyll I come agayne
I putte you beste in truste.
Prospe. Cosyn I woulde fayne doo the beste
Bycause ye are nere of my bloode
Enuye. What, are ye nowe in that moode
Nowe I am youre kyngman because of my good
Before of me he hadde dysdayne
Prospe- As for that I was to blame
ryte. I knewe you not, be not angrye
ye are welcome to me cosyn charytye
Enuye. Then all these matters lette be
I come hyther wyth you to dwell
ye muste haue moo seruauntes I do you tell
Soche as were necessarye for youre person
Prospe- I am contente after youre prouysyon
ryte. In euery thynge lette it be done
As ye thyncke moste expedyende
Enuye. Syr I shall do myne entente
To gette you seruauntes moo
Prospe- I praye you hertelye it maye be so
ryte. A lyttle season I wyll from you goo
To solace me wyth some recreacyon



He that ſytteth aboue the mone Enuy
Euermoze be in youre protection
I ha here is ſpoꝛte foꝛ a Loꝛde
That proſperite and I be well at accoꝛde
I ſhall bꝛynge hys thꝛyfte vnder the boꝛde
I truſſe wythin ſhoꝛte ſpace
Foꝛ it greueth my harte ryghte ſoꝛe
He hath ſo moche treaſure in ſtoꝛe
And I haue neuer the moꝛe
I muſte fynde ſome proper ſhyfte
That from hys good he maye be lyfte
To bꝛynge hym to myſrule I holde it beſte
Foꝛ he can ſoone bꝛynge it to paſſe Here myſrule
How what ruffeꝛyn haue we here ſyngeth vout
I wolde he were oute ſhrychaunteꝛe commynge in.
Bycauſe he can ſo well ſynge
Venez auecque vous gentyl compaygnon Wyſ
Faictes bone chere pour lamour de ſainct Johns
Mon coeur ioconde ſe ſette on a mery pynne
By my trouth I am diſpoſed to reuelynge
So me thinketh by youre commynge in Enuy
What myſrule where haſte thou bene manye yeares
By my trouth euen amonges my peres Wyſ
I came nowe ſtrayghte from the ſtewes
From lyttle pretye Jone
Loꝛde that we is a pretye one
Holde thy peace, ſette, that alone Enuy
Harke a woꝛde oꝛ twayne to the
I dwell nowe wyth proſperitye
Which hath moche woꝛldly treaſure
Yf thou can contynue in thy thoughte
Howe that he maye be bꝛoughte to noughte
In all thys woꝛlde I beſyde nomoꝛe

Pytru. Cuthe take no thought therfore
I can prouyde for that in the best wyse.
Enuye. Then let me heare thy deuyce
Pytru. I wyll bryng hym to classhe cardes and dyse
And to prayse trulles that be wanton and nyce
whych wyll not be kepte wyth a small pryce
Howe thynkest thou, wyl not thys do well
Enuye. yes but harken in youreselfe
Thou must chaunge thy name
Iniquite I wyll saye I hyght wyth
Enuye. And I wyl saye the same
Peace whyst I se hym come
Prospe. God saue al thys honourable companye
Enuye. welcome be welcome by our blessed ladye
I dare thought for you full longe
Here is a gentyl man, I pray you for my sake
Say he is welcome and into youre seruyce hym take
For certes semeth he can
Prospe. Syr you be welcome gene me youre hande
And shewe me what is youre name
Iniquite Syr my name is myth
Beloued myth lordes & ladyes of myth
At euery tryumphe I am them with
They can me not ones forbere
Enuye. And ye had sought thys thousande yere
Suche another ye shall not fynde
wherfore I counsell you in my mynde
Let hym dwell wyth you forone yere.
Prospe. At youre request I am content
Suche a pety mayn for me were expedyent
And of hys counsell fayne wolde I here
Iniquite Syr pernyst synge and daunce & make good chere
I wolde ye had some propre wenche



That were yonge and lusty at apynche
Her hele were not so brode as an ynche
She wolde quycken your courage
Peace hath forbyde al that outrage Prolp
She wolde set you at dotage Enuy
By cause he is olde and nature is palle
He wolde nowe euery man shulde falle
yf ye do so, ye do but waste
And bids you no mede Wyll
I straine for him ye have no mede
Of hym to stande in awe or drede
A meryer life nowe may ye lede
Therfore be at your owne lybertye. Prolp
By my trouth I may saye soothe
Saith I to him and assent xyte.
Had I neuer meryer daye
But lyued in feare and dredes al waye
Nothynge to mine entente
I wolde while I myght me lyste
Synge and daunce my sorowes lyste.
And amonge merye company do reforte Enuy
For that shal lenghthe your lyfe.
Spare neyther mayde ne wyfe Wyll
Take bothe and they come in your waye
Of wyth this lewde araye Enuy
It becommeth you nought by this daye.
By my trouth euen as ye saye Prolp
ye marye nowe am I well apayde
Me thynketh I am properly araide:
yf I had a proper trull she shulde be alayde
In the worshyp of the newe yere
And the bygge button, for beefe is deare Enuy
Pane and reuell and shawmes

yſtru. Nowe let me bothe ſynge and daunce
wyll ye haue a ſpenſhe rounde

ɔoſpe. And thou ſhalt ſe me bounce aboue the grounde
Hey with reuell daſhe Peace entreth

eace. What ꝓſperite is it come hereto

ɔoſpe. What deuyll of hel haſt thou to do

Shall I not make mery when me lyſt.

eace. yet I ſaye beware of had I wyſt

ɔoſpe. Hens ye knaue or els thou ſhalt lyche my fyſt
I trowe thy heede wolde haue ſome knockes

ɔoſpe- Go ſet hym in a payre of ſtockes

te. That I hym no more ſe

eace. yet man I ſaye remembre the
And thynke what I to the haue ſayde.
Eſcheue euermore theſe ryatours company
And be ruled by reaſon as I the badde
Put frō the theſe two perſons by whō thou art lade
Enuy & myſtrule with theyr ſynfull & great vnthryfte
whych yf thou wylt not forſake, well be thy confuſion

ɔoſpe. Auaunt lozel, and take thys for a warnyng
Theſe men ſuen me thou haſt not ſuſpected
Go out of my ſyght or by corſe paſſyon
I ſhall laye the faſt in newgate

eace. It is bette to forſake them betyme then to late

yſtru. This knaue wolde haue a broken pate
Let me alone by goddes mꝛede
This ſame ſwerde ſhall ſtryke of hys head.

ɔoſpe- I praye you hens that he were rydde

te. Shortly haue hym out of my ſyght

eace. A lytle whyle geue me reſpyte
And take hede what I do ſaye
Remembꝛe in what condycyon thou was
when I fyrſt mette the in this place

Full symple in poore aray
Nowe by the grace of god and counsell of me
Thou arte come to great prosperyte
And yf mayst continue vntyll thou dye
yt thou wyselye take hede
Let not sensualyte lede the bydell
Be occupyed in vertue, and be not ydell
The better shalte thou procede
These wretches wyll thy goodes spende and waste
Then shalte thou be taken for an aut caste
And mocked and scorned wyth mock and ieest
Then wyll no man the helpe at nede.
A syr euyll mote thou spede: Enuye.
That so can rede hys dedes aye.
Wyl ye suffre thys knaue in youre company Mysrule.
Then God be wyth you I wyll forsake you
Go hence or in fayth I shall make you. Prospe.
Then to almyghty god I betake you. Peace.
Let me come to that braggat. Enuye.
I shall thrust hym thorow the ars with my dagger
(And here they face Pryde out of the place)
Nowe say ye, was not thys a good face:
Go beyne a knaue out of the place:
In fayth thou made hym rumme a pace Mysrule.
Thou loked as thou hadde ben madde
Nowe by my trouth my herte is glad Prospe.
Some mynstrell nowe I wolde we hadde
To reuell and daunce, for by my fayth
I am so lyght me thynke I flee.
ye mary so shalte be Enuye.
For nowe I holde you wyse.
Syr and ye wyll be ruled by my counsayle mysrule
Lete vs go streyght to the Iloute delyce

There shall ye fynde a man wyll playe at dyce
with you for an hundreth pounde.

Prospe. What man is he?

Wyfru. Colehallarde came late from the pounde the fre
Ragged and torne in a gardyd cote
And in hys purse neuer a grote
And nowe he goeth lyke a lorde

Prospe. I pray the tell me at our worde
Is he a gentylman borne.

Enuye. Tushe take no thought therfore
For be he gentylman, knaue, or borne
If he come hether with tryfle, or a toye
He can no money lache.

Prospe- Now by the breade that god brake
byte. I thynke longe tyll I hym se
Wyth gold to playe and dayse a good dysshe
One of flesshe and another of fyshe

Enuye. Nay let all be fyshe
A yonge pullet tender and nesshe
That neuer crame our bouche, haue with ye or thou go

Wyfru. what shall I haue?

Enuye. Foure quarters of a grene
Rosted vpon a spytte [illegible] Eyle myddle.

Prospe. Nowe by saynte outh and colehallardes wyll fyt
I wyll play a long as an hundreth pounde wyll last

Enuye. And ye wyll play an hundreth pounde at a cast
He wyll kepe you playe long

Prospe- Then let vs go our wayes
byte. I fyt on thoues tyll I rubbe them

Enuye. That shall make your thryfte full bare

Prospe. what wyll it do?

Enuye. I say we shall haue good cheare
When we come there.



When phebus draweth into the occident all peace
And obserued wyth clowdes myshy and darke
Then trees herbes, and grasse, by course naturall
Want theyr chefe cõfort, thus sayth many a clarke.
And lyke wyse that a man in hys warke
Is dysbytute of reason, folowyng sensual operation
The lasse tyme I was in thys place
Prosperite vnto my rule put hys hole confidence
He regarded not my counsell, he lacked grace
Which in tyme coming, shal turne him to inconuenyence
Wyth hasardors, and ryotters, he kepeth residence
At clasche and cardes, with al vnthryftye game
Which in contynaunce shall brynge hym to shame
To hym put I my reason
yf he be brought in mysery.
I shall do hym al the comforte
And all the helpe that lyeth in me
I wyl neuer reste tyl I hym se
But seke about from place to place
And bryng hym to some better grace Exit.
Coll hasarde arte thou there mistrust
Horeson knaue wylt thou no appere
By my trouth I had wente to haue founde hym here
I holde hym gone some other waye
And where is enuye I can not hym espye
I trowe he is wyth prosperytye
Prosperyte, nay, I maye cal hym folysche poterte
As wyse as a drake
I haue brought hym to dyce, cardes, and clasche
And euer on hys syde ranne the losse
That he is not worthe a handfull of mosse
Neyther hath not a hole brat to hys backe.

Enuye. Passion of god it is verie truthe
These tydynges makyth my hart glade
Wyltru. In faythe he hath neyther golde syluer ne plate
Coll hallarde and I be both at one
We promysed maste haue halfe the gayne
That euery thynge shall be deuyded that wayne
We to haue the one halfe and I the other
Enuye. Then lette vs be parteners as brother and brother
Wyltru. I can not saye, tyll Coll hallarde come
Then shall we knowe both all and some
Colhal- Here is a bagge of golde so rounde
larde. Here is two thousande pounde
O ryche wyght me iuge maye
what man is able wyth me to make comparison
Nowe shall I take a marchaunts place
To occupye I truste wythin shorte space
To be incredence wyth Englysh men
And when I am so well the truste
I maye borowe so moche as me luste
And subtyll craft then fynde I muste
To conuaye vnder colour lyke free men
Enuye. Harke thys knaue so prowde and stoute
That hadde not to hys arse a hole cloute
whē he came to this land, as nowe hath brought about
To compare wyth a state
nistrule Nowe muste I haue halfe money and halfe plate
Colhal. Naye by Godsheere thou spake to lare
None therof from me shall scape
Thou hadde I knowē to longe
nistrule Thou promised me, when thou begannest
Halfe thy wynnynge I should haue
Colhal. Holde thy peace lewde knaue
Knowest thou to whom thou doest speake

A horelon thy head mary breake mistr
for the passyon of god lowse you mode Enuy
I feare wedynge of mannes bloude
Here they fyght and runne all out of the place
And then entreth prosperite pewtely and sayeth.
O Jesu what maye thys meane Powe
My goodes are spent and wasted away
Also my men are from me clene
I se them not this seuen nyghtes daye
As longe as I myght spende and paye
They helde me vp with false dissymulacyon
And now they forsake me in my most tryboulacyon
Come for cors bones, why tary ye so longe Enuy
In sayth I come as fast as I can mistr
I am so angrye I wote not what to do
That yonder knaue scaped from me so
what knaue is thys I holde hym come spye Enuy
I am youre mayster, know ye not me Powe
Thou arte come a late oute of marshalsee Enuy
Me thynke hys hayre groweth ouer ouer his hode mistr
Alas Colle hallarde harry wonne all my good Powe
And lefte me neuer a groate
Mary so me thinke, ye haue chaunged your coate Enuy
But nowe ye haue one vauntage.
what is that. (nother daye Powe
your executors shal not striue for your goodes a Enuy
For theues shall not robbe you goynge by the waye
Thus ye shall stande oute of doute
Hens ragged knaue or thou shal beare me a cloute mistr
Hys clothes smell all of the smoke
Nowe by sayntes we that holy bysshoppe Enuy
Thys matter is well brought to passe
He is nowe a man we as he was.

Fyll a knaue and then a man
And nowe he is a knaue agayne
Pouer. Why saye ye so ye be to blame
I am youre mayster prosperyte
misrule. Auaunt lozell and euyll to the
Get the out of thys companye
begynnest thou now to make comparyson
Enuye. Let hym be your vnder page
Geue hym meate and drynke, but no wage
Go brushe hys gowne & make clene hys shone
misrule Wel knaue canst thou no courteysye
Enuye. He hath soche a dysease in hys knee
He can not chaunce a man groate
It is not as ye wene
misrule Come and se my shone made clene
Enuye. By my fayth ye shall wype mine
misrule Thys knaue is not mete for me
It greueth my harte when I hym se
I wyl go hence and leue you twayne
For enuy thou mayst with pouertye rayne. Exit.
Enuye. Naye I had leuer he were slayne
I am gone as sone as ye.
Pouer. I hyde fyll wyth me gentyll charyte
O to whome shulde I sewe, to whom shuld I plette
O mortall wozme wrapped all in wo
as a man all mortified, and mased in my wytte
I a captyue in captyuite, lo fortune is my foo
I am in endlesse sozowe, alas what shall I do
these captiues thozow thyne counsel & fals imaginacyō
haue brought me to nought & was of great reputacyō
wo worthe the tyme that I them knew
I maye well syghe and saye alas
For nowe I fynde these wordes full trewe



That peace the lend me here in this place
I regarded not hys counceil. I lacked grace
wherfore nedy powerte on me doth blowe hys horne
That euery man and womā doth laugh me to scorne
Example to all ponge men when they take in hand
To occuppe in the worlde for pour behofe
Like wyfely before and also vnderstande
Euyll compani destroyeth man on me ye se the prose
Make a sure foundacyon, or ye set vp the rofe
Of a good & vertuous begining cometh a good ending
And euermore be ware of vnmeasurable spendynge

Here entreth the Sommer.

Som. I a syte you in our court to appeare
Pouer. I praye you tell me wherefore
Sōner. ye be greate sclaunderer and full of enuy
Pouer. There wyll no man saye so but ye
Sōner. what wylt thou geue me and thou shalt go quyte.
Pouer. By my trouth I haue not one myte
Som. Then open penaunce & thou art like
Pouer. By my trouth I sclaunder no man
Som. Then come & secule thy self as well as thou can

Haboundance entreth.

Haboth. what man is he that can me dismaye
for I optayne all thynge at my wyll
Or who dare any thynge agaynst me saye
what so euer I do be it good or yll
for yf he do he were better be styll
I shall hym punishe be it ryghte or wronge
for wyth my purse I can both saue and hänge
To repugne agaynst me: he were better be styll
I haue a propre trull for my pastaunce
In my chāmber I her kepe, bothe nyght and daye
My neyghbours her with, taketh great greuaunce

yet I kepe her ſtill, who ſo euer ſay nay
How be it there is one a poore caytyfe I heare ſaye
Hath me accuſed in the courte ſpirituall
And it coſte me a. C. li. punyſhe him I ſhall

Dom. Open ſynne muſt haue open penaunce
God ſpede my mayſter habowndaunce

Pabon. What knauearte thou with a very myſchaunce
That cometh into ſo homely..

Sōner. Syr I praye you be not angrye
I am an officer of the ſpiritualtye
Ther is vpon you a great ſclaunde
ye kepe another mannes wyfe in your chaumbre
And lyue in great aduantrye..

Pabon. What wretches doeth ſo ſay by me..

Dom.. It is openly knowen euery where
Before my mayſter I charge you to appere.
vpon a bokethere ſhall ye ſwere.
Whether it be ſo or no:

Pabon.. What is the beſte for me to do
Rather then I to the courte wyll goo
I had leuer ſpende twentie pounde

Sōner. Syr of ſoche a way may be founde
To excuſe you. what wyll ye thed ſaye

Pabon. Now therof hartely I the praye

Dom.. ye ſhall come home to my mayſters place:
And ſaye that ye be put vp of malyce.
Thruſt mony in his hande a pace.
And ſo ſhal ye go quyte away.

Pabon.. For thy counſel gramercy, hold here is. xl. pence.

Dom. Come on ſir I. wyll do my dylygence. eriũt ambo.

Here entreth ꝑ ſomner agayne, & pouerte folowyth him with a rendell in his hãde doyng penaũce aboute the place. And then ſayth the ſomner.

Dom. Rowne ſyr frauoydaunce

That thys man maye do hys penaunce
Now haue I my penaunce done Pouer
Nay thou shalt aboute omes agayne Sõner
The pouerte and trouble that I endure Pouer
I cannot to you in fewe wordes expresse
yf it shulde be into god no displeasure
I wolde desyre death my payne to release
Soche is my penurye and troublesome heuynesse
That I coude in no wyse, suffre it pacientlỹ
But that I truste to wynne heauen thereby
What mã art thou that maketh soch lamentacyon Peace.
Mayster peace, I desyre you of pardon Pouer.
I am youre seruaunt, some tyme called prosperyte
Howe came thou to thys perplexyte Peace.
Coll hassarde, mysrule, and falsenesse Pouer.
Brought me to hys distresse
I shewed the before playne expresse Peace.
Then of my wordes thou haddest disdayne
Therfore nowe it is to me greate payne Pouer.
What persons are those that dyd him accuse Peace.
Syr he is put vp by sute of offyce. Som.
Sute of offyce, then it is so Peace.
Ther hath ben credable persons thre or two
Soche artycles to the iudge dyd shewe
He oughte therto to haue good respecte
And do swere these persons vpon a boke
For fouenedred they say but trewe
For it is not lefull for a called, a caytyse, or a knaue
Agaynst honest persons soch matters for to haue
To put a man to open penaunce without dewe prose.
Syr whē I entred mine office this was mine othe Sõner
To herken about and heare
For bachebyters, sclaunderers, and false lyers.

Sylmatykes, hompsteres, and great blurers
Bandes, aduouterars, fornycatours, and whoremongers
All soch must penaunce do
Power. I know wone soche came neuer there to.
Peace. Who is that?
Power. His name is called Habounderaunce
Whych hath done many a great offence
For he kepeth another mannes wyfe
No maner of penaunce ye make hym do
But redemeth wyth money and let hym go
So in aduoutrye styl he ledeth hys lyfe
Hom. He made is purgacyon vpon a bone
Or els redemed wyth the syluer hone
Peace. Syluer hone, that I denye
For it is a playne decree
That open synne muste do open punishemente
There can be no soche iudgemente
That money shall stop the la we.
Power. Naye there stoppe and laye a straw we
Where se ye anye man a substaunce
Put to open penaunce
But punysshed by the purse
I poore man that hath nought to paye
He shalbe punysshed thys ye se euery daye
But yf he be obstynaunt and wyll not obeye
Anone they wyll hym curse.
Hom. Wel for thy saying another day I shall leue the me.
Exit Homines.
Power. Syr I beseche you comfort me wyth some solace.
Peace. Thyne ease well punysshed for thy trespace
By thyne owne fonsshall and vnbyscrete operacyon
Hath brought the to all thys vexacyon
Stande vp, wyth thys vesture shal se sease we.



Syr I thanke you, I wyll do at your reformacyon Power.
And for my tyme myspent I am sore ashamed
yf ye do as I you bydde ye shall not be blamed Peace.
Forsake envy and, mysrule with al their olde perers
Beconversaunt vs good me goodnes therof wyl grow
Folow the sayenge of Dauid: cū sancto sanctus erys
For wycked meneuer more wycked seed do sowe
What cōmeth of euil cōpany now thy self doth know
Print it well in thy memory and do it not forgette
Many a man doth decay for lacke of good forewitte
Syr your sayenges be ful true I have perceyued it Prospe-
And for the vertuous counsell that ye to me have geue ryte.
I shall be your oratour whyle I have a day to lyue
Soueraynes here may ye se proued before you al Peace.
Of thys wanton worlde the great fragilyte
Euer mutable of the turnyng as a bal
Nowe flode of ryches nowe ebbe of pouerte
What foulde men set by this worldes vanyte
Thynke on this lesson and do it not forget
The gayest of vs al is but wormes meate
With the supportacyon of thys noble audyence Prospe-
we have here shewed thys symple enterlude ryte.
Beseechyng you of your benyuolence to take pacyence
It is but a mirrour dice to exclude
The maker herof his entent was good
No man to displease olde nor yonge
yf any faute be therin we defyre you of pardon
Let vs pray al to that lorde of great magnificence Peace.
To send amonge vs peace rest and vnyte
And Jesu preserue our soueraigne Quene of hyeclare
preeminence
with al her noble consanguynyte
And to sende them grace so the ylue to obtayne

After them to rule this most christen realme
O good Lord as thou arte omypotent
Haue regarde vnto my petycyon
Conserue thys noble realme, and all that are present
Of thy eternall deyte graunt them al thy fruycyon
And from our mortall enemies be oure protectyon
Ieshvas thou vs redemed, bryng vs to the bielle
There as aungels synge, Gloyra in excelsis
Amen.

Thus endeth the enterlude called
Impacyente powerty.



Imprinted at London, in Paules
Churche yearde at the Sygne of
the Swanne by John Kynge.





Tudor Facsimile Texts.

JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

Supposed date of composition ... bef. 1520.
Supposed date of only extant copy c. 1565.
Reproduced 1907.



Tudor Facsimile Texts.

John the Evangelist.

Privately printed for Subscribers only

MCMVII.



JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

This play was untraced in modern times until recently. It is one of the three "Lost" plays recovered in 1906, when at auction sale it was purchased for the British Museum for £102. The press mark in the catalogue is C. 34, i, 20. John Waley, the printer of this edition, was in business from 1546 to 1586; but apparently there was an earlier edition or version. In the "Day Book of John Dorne," an Oxford bookseller, there is recorded in 1520 the sale of "1 saint jon euuangeliste en trelute 1 [d.]" ("*Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885.*")





THere begynneth the enterlude of Johan the Euangelyst.







Of Saynt Johan the Euangelyst.



Omine aures tc omne beſiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non eſt abſconditus
The ſweteſt lyfe ſouerayn in this worlde yt ſom
Is to haue meditacyon of our lorde Jeſus
Very contemplatyue god / worſhypped thus
Bethynkyng in the ſoule / without any ſpeche
God tendeth ryght more the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the texte bothe teche
In medytacyon who ſo hath ſaſtenes
The mouthe can not expreſſe the thoughtes of the herte
That holyeſt fruytyon is of ſo hye intelligences
As it rauyſſheth the ſoule in to a bleſſed deſerte
It keleth no erthly thyng vnto the tyme it reuerte
Thus ſayed Magdaleyne whan Martha complayned
She herde her not / in god her herte was ſo experte
For the aungell at the ſepulcre / lowe ſo her conſtrayned
The cauſe why I rehearce you the holy medytacyon
For it is myne eſpecyal entente
Who ſo wyll labour in this / muſt ſe his habytacyon
Be ſolytary in ſoule / of great quyetneſſe
Therfore euer to the churche I do me dreſſe
Reſt / reuerence / and worſhyp ther in ſhulde be
With eryeng on Chryſt / and our ſynnes confeſſe
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

Eugenio.

Qui cum de a patri / graunted by the pope
A thouſand foure hundred / and neuer a day leſſe
That hath herde this noble ſermon / and ſhewn vnthhope
A pena et culpa / here I them releſſe
Is it not pyte ſuche a pulpet man to leſe
I praye you ſyr let vs here more of youre pope holynes

For me thynke I haue herde you preche or this at Powles (croſſe
Irifidilion.
Wherfore call you pope holye.
Eugenio.
Suche a foole as thou art that clappeſt euer in diuinite
Irifidilion.
All vertues people to commende is my propertie.
Eugenio.
Than is Caton falſe/and that he endytes
For he ſayth (Nec te collaudas/nec te culpaberis ipſe)
Great laudacyous loueth theſe hypocrytes
(Qui ſe colaudat)&c.
No more to you at this tyme
But vnderſtande you this latyne.
Irifidylion.
Cue ſyr I trowe.
Eugenio.
Reſponde tunice dominus doctor clericorum
But ſyr knowe you any iuſtes of eſtrum.
Irifidilion.
Why ſo?
Eugenio.
A felowe of myne was take with a Cuculorum
For a cupple hoſes he ſtale in an euenynge.
Irifidilion.
What wolde ye haue me do in that caſe.
Eugenio.
Surſum ebda for hym to ſynge
Ye ſhulde haue well why.
Irifidilion.
I can not ſynge.
Eugenio.

¶ No syr ye shulde but make a lyenge
Under a penche/ lokyng by towarde the skye.
☞ Iniquicion.
¶ Without godde thy frende/ þ same with shalt thou dye
☞ Eugenio.
¶ Mary I beshrewe his heste that so can prophesye.
☞ Iniquicion.
¶ What is thy name?
☞ Eugenio.
¶ I rede.
☞ Iniquicion.
¶ Eugenio I trowe the same.
☞ Eugenio.
¶ I syr the deuyll stryke of thy hede
Horeson who taught the so syght to rede
I trowe some yuell spyryte be within the.
☞ Iniquicion.
¶ In the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called
I lease thou wylte neuer come to that holy stone
That with twelue precyous stones is surely walled
Full krayte is the ways thyder to gone
And in to that castell entrynge is none
Without thou acquaynte the with two porters before
Hope is the tone/ and Loue the other sone.
☞ Eugenio.
¶ Lo so goodly he gyueth sweuenge
We dare not coughe your conisaunce is so holy
But I pray you shewe vs before.
Which is the way to youre castell ye prayse so sweetely.
☞ Iniquicion.
¶ Ouer the mede of medenesse vnethe thou the waye
Than to the pathe of perfyte shalte thou passe
A.iii.

Un to the lande of langeuȝe halde for the laye
And in the lane of delyuerſe loke thou not balſhe
Than meaſure in a marſhe/a fayre maner halle
Reſte there hardely/and abyde all nyght.

Eugenio.

Nay that I wyll not by this lyght
But what calleſt thou this way.

Iriditio.

Via recta/redyng to lyfe
So Dauid named it in his daye
(Apes mea ſtetit in via recta)

Eugenio.

Paſſeth all men by this iourneye.

Iriditio.

Nay/and the moze pytie verely I laye.

Eugenio.

What be they that goo that waye moſte.

Iriditio.

They that be enſpyred with the holy gooſte
As innocentes and virgins.

Eugenio.

Mary I knowe none ſuche in all this coſte.

Iriditio.

They that goo thyder muſte be(Gratia electi)

Eugenio.

Why is there no other way but this.

Iriditio.

Yes on the lefte ſyde another there is
That is called(Via [illegible] et vita circularis)

Eugenio.

And whyder dyaweth this.

Iriditio.



¶ Euen ryght to dethe
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he slethe.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Syr who gothe that way so yll.
¶ Iustitia.
¶ All they that worketh the deuels wyll
As (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impii ambulantes.)
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrante
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.
¶ Iustitia.
¶ Syre seuen and odde I saye.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Than one can not saye where he go by nyghte or daye
But may a man go to the stewes that waye
At his pleasure yf he lyste to playe.
¶ Iustitia.
¶ It bringes men to the sectes of sinfull straye
The lady of confusion lyeth therin
That Babylone is called / she is the ende of all synne.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Whiche way cometh that countrey.
¶ Iustitia.
¶ To an yle in the northe I saye
(Ab aquilone pandetur omne malum)
¶ Eugenio.
¶ That is the fyrst place that men shulde allaye
Whether it be hedged or walled.
¶ Iustitia.
¶ With bowes and trees it is meruaylously paled
There groweth the elders of synne
Stoked with pryde full fyne

And the breues of babbyting with wrath wrethed aboute
Full of slouthy bulshes and lecherous thornes drye
With glotonous postes/and couetyse sayled throughouts
And at mysheues gats many bothe in vnne.

Eugenio.

And where do they all become.

Irydyson.

Downe to the dongyon where the deuyll dwelleth
Lucyfer that lothly lorde that is in bale blysses
There is wo vpon wo/as Christ vs telleth
All that may dyseals and nothyng pleals/euer reflecte
There is frost/there is fyre
Hope is lost and her desyre
There care hath no recouer
Without pytie there is payne
To crye for mercy it is in vayne
For grace is gone for euer
(Finit tormentorum suorum
Ascendit in secula seculorum)
Lo thus hath lost wedded confusyon
Lucefers doughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue herytage
(Septum dominum peccati est mors)

Eugenio.

In fayth that is a vnauysshe way to walke
Nowe a whyle of some myrthe let vs talke
For I forsake that passage.

Iridision.

Nowe farewell syr and haue good daye
For I must goo another waye
Forget not my reasons sage.

Eugenio.



¶ What wyll ye goo your way
We haue done a fayre iourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
For I am wery of youre talkyng
Lo lyrs he spake full holyly
But yet I beshrewe hym for all his clergy
He may well be called wittelesse syr wyll
For I trowe his brayne is stedfast as a wyndemyll
But now well remembred by bokes Amennes
I wolde haue a playster for all harmes
Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes
That wolde anoyde all sorowes
It were to me/administrate nos
Et restaurate nos/also comfortate nos
We/and sometyme I wyll take mennes wyues
For cokolde makers hath meryer lyues
Than they that do all the coste
As to wedde at the churche doze/and there to be swozne
Perhap her husband shulde haue an hozne
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was bozne
For all the loue is lesse
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt
And yet women do beuter to breke it
For though they soules shulde lye in hell pyt
They wyll vse that sory werke
And yf they so dye
Atropos cometh full sodeynly
And or they beware full sykly
He leadeth them downe in the darke
The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is
All ponge folke remembre this

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great delyte thou mayst haue therin
That afore god it is deedly synne
But farewell/yonder cometh syr Wyllyam of trentham.

✠S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lorde whiche is principall
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do passe with dethes bylytacyon
This prince bryngе you to that holy nacyon
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte
And to gyue you playne infynycyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte
I am Johan/that presently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my doctryne yf ye lyste to here
Moche can I shewe you of Christes incarnacyon
And of his passyon/for verely I was there
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hye
His mother and I stode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a sonder
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen theyr soules shall reche
There hauyng ioye that neuer shall ceasse
But nowe the trowe loue that we shulde to god owe
Wen gyueth it to ryches that is mutable
Full sore they wyll it repente I trowe
That euer they were of myndes so vnstable

yf any man wyll haue cyches goodly
I wyll hastely agayne be here
And therof he shall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyll hym chese
My commynge hyther was for youre furtherance
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.

Actis.

Nowe mery myght you be
Who was that that called me
So erly to daye
One reysed me with a bolle of water
Here was a shrewde mater
Sodaynly one to skraye
It was some knaue my brother
Beshrewe hym and none other
For that skraye
I was fast a slepe
Tyll I felte the wete
Full tyll I laye
He brake myne olde custome
For I wolde haue layne tyll noone
And than haue ryssen to playe
But nowe to the purpose
For by the faythe that nowe gose
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Ofte do I ronne aways
And where so euer I go
One good condycion haue I to
I vse neuer trouthe to saye
Also I haue a great disease yf ye wyll me leue

B. ii.

Euen here lyes in the bottom of my hewe.

Eugenio.

By god syr and I do laye a playster to your cowe
I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

Actio.

Eugenio/ fro whence come you.

Eugenio.

Fro thence that ye were spoke of tyght nowe
ye shall haue an offyce.

Actio.

What is that I pray you tell me.

Eugenio.

By my fayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys
Therto ye be appoynted verely.

Actio.

Than the lyste man that shall be hanged shall thou be
for I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

Eugenio.

Nay syr/ but herke what I shall the say
Here was one late this same days
That disprayed rychelle worldly
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie
And take hym to wylfull powerte
He shall haue ioy eternally.

Actio.

What was he?

Eugenio.

A doctour as semed me
He spake as holyly
As though god had ben his cosyne.

Actio.

Ye but was he not myxed with hypocrysy.

Eugenio.

¶ No man / he spake so goostly
He had almoste chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than aske my selfe for charytie.
¶ Actio.
¶ Why woldest thou haue ben so wytty
Naye thou arte a foole and thou wyste for any sygnyfye
Gyue away thyne awne good and goo thy self a beggyng
For so wyll not I do yet trust me.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Syr he promest moste largely
That I shulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I shall dye neuer
Thus also he sayd verely
That I shulde dele there no yll
And haue all that I desyre wyll
And le god in his maiestie
Also he promest me a greater hyre
That I shulde haue all that I wolde desyre.
¶ Actio.
¶ I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayst thou not se all daye
That they that vseth sporte and playe
Lyueth at ease meryly
They haue moste hertyest reste
And fareth of the beste
That thus spendeth theyr lyues in iolyte.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Well than my wytte I wyll renewe
For I trowe thou sayest full trewe
If I do it / and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

And the byrres of babbytyng with wrath wrethed about
full of slouthy bushes and lecherous thornes dry
With glotonous postes/and couetyse sayled throughout
And at mysheues gate many bothe in ronne.

Eugenio.

And where do they all become.

Iryspyson.

Downe to the dongyon where the deuyll dwelleth
Lucyfer thatlothly lorde that is in bale blysses
There is wo vpon wo/as Christ vs telleth
All that may dysease and nothyng please/euer restlesse
There is frost/there is fyre
Hope is lost and her desyre
There care hath no recouer
Without pytie there is payne
To crye for mercy it is in vayne
For grace is gone for euer
(Finit tormentorum suorum
Ascendit in secula seculorum)
Lo thus hath lost wedded confusyon
Lucefers doughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue herytage
(Septum dominum peccati est meus)

Eugenio.

In fayth that is a vnlawfull way to walke
Nowe a whyle of some myrthe let vs talke
For I forsake that passage.

Iridision.

Nowe farewell syr and haue good daye
For I must goo another waye
Forget not my reasons sage.

Eugenio.



What wyll ye goo your way
We haue done a fayre iourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
For I am wery of your talkyng
Lo syrs he spake full holyly
But yet I beshrewe hym for all his clergy
He may well be called wittelesse syr wyll
For I trowe his brayne is stedfast as a wyndemyll
But now well remembred by bokes Amennes
I wolde haue a playfere for all harmes
Some fayre wenche to lye in myne armes
That wolde anoyde all stryues
It were to me/admiratissate nos
Et restaurate nos/alis comfortate nos
Me/and sometyme I wyll take mennes wyues
For cokolde makers hath merryer lyues
Than they that do all the sotte
As to wedde at the churche dore/and there to be swore
Perhap her husband shulde haue an hore
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was bore
For all the loue is lotte
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt
And yet women do venter to breke it
For though they soules shulde lye in hell pyt
They wyll vse that foly werke
And yf they so dye
Atropos cometh full sodeynly
And or they beware full slyly
He ledeth them downe in the darke
The curtesye of Englande is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lechery where pleasure is
All yonge folke remembre this

B.i.

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great delyte thou mayst haue therin
That afore god it is deedly synne
But farewell/yonder cometh syr Wyllyam of trentham.

✠ S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lorde whiche is principall
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do palle with dethes dylytacyon
This prince bryngе you to that holy nacyon
Where loue dothe dwell with virgynyte
And to gyue you playne infynyte cyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte
I am Johan/that presently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my doctryne yf ye lyste to here
Moche can I shewe you of Christes incarnacyon
And of his passyon/for verely I was there
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hys
His mother and I stode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed hely hely
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a sonder
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen theyr soules shall reche
There hauyng ioye that neuer shall cease
But nowe the trouthe loue that we shulde to god owe
Men gyueth it to ryches that is mutable
Full sore they wyll it repente I trowe
That euer they were of myude so vnstable



yf any man wyll haue ryches goodly
I wyll hastely agayne be here
And therof he shall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyll hym chese
My commynge hyther was for youre furtherance
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernaunce.

¶ Actio.

¶ Nowe mery myght you be
Who was that that called me
So cry to days
One resyded me with a bolle of water
Here was a shrewde mater
Sodaynly one to afraye
It was some knaue my brother
Beshrewe hym and none other
For that assaye
I was faste a slepe
Tyll I felte the wete
Full styll I laye
He brake myne olde custome
For I wolde haue layne tyll noone
And than haue ryssen to playe
But nowe to the purpose
For by the faythe that nowe gose
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Dere do I roune aways
And where so euer I go
One good condycion haue I to
I lye neuer trouthe to saye
Also I haue a great disease yf yt wyll me leue

B. ii.

Euen here lyes in the bottom of my sleue.

Eugenio.

By god syr and I do laye a playster to your crowne
I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

Actio.

Eugenio/ fro whence come you.

Eugenio.

Fro thence that ye were spoke of ryght nowe
ye shall haue an offyce.

Actio.

What is that I pray you tell me.

Eugenio.

By my fayth ye shall be hangeman of Calys
Therto ye be appoynted veresly.

Actio.

Than the fyrste man that shall be hanged shall thou be
for I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

Eugenio.

Nay syr/ but herke what I shall the say
Here was one late this same daye
That dispayred rychesse worldly
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie
And take hym to wylfull powerte
He shall haue ioy eternally.

Actio.

What was he?

Eugenio.

A doctour as semed me
He spake as holyly
As though god had ben his colyne.

Actio.

Ye but was he not myxed with hypocresy.

Eugenie.

¶ No man / he ſpake ſo goodly
He had almoſte chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than aſke my ſelfe for charytie.
¶ Actio.
¶ Why wolde ſt thou haue bin ſo wytty
Naye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy ſelf a beggynge
For ſo wyll not I do yet truſt me.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Syr he promeſt moſte largely
That I ſhulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I ſhall dye neuer
Thus alſo he ſayd verely
That I ſhulde dele there no yll
And haue all that I deſyre wyll
And le god in his mateſtie
Alſo he promeſt me a greater hyre
That I ſhulde haue all that I wolde deſyre.
¶ Actio.
¶ I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayſt thou not ſe all daye
That they that vſeth ſporte and playe
Lyueth at eaſe meryly
They haue moſte hertyeſt reſte
And fareth of the beſte
That thus ſpendeth theyr lyues in iolyte.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Well than my wytte I wyll renewe
For I trowe thou ſayeſt full trewe
Yf I do it / and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

I trowe I ſhulde it forthynke
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke
For that purſe that ſowneth not trynde
His mayſter weareth a threde bare hode.

Actio.

Cue ye man/that is trewe in dede
But let vs go walke a ſpace
For yuell counſayle hyther wyll ſpede
That perſon I trowe he be voyde of all grace.

Eugenio.

Go we hence than in tyme
Haſtely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by pryme
His ſermonde wolde I here fayne.

Yuell counſayle.

By your leaue let me come nere
What dothe all this company here
Where after is your gappynge
By oure ladye a mayſtere I haue ſoughte nye and fare
For ſythe I came fro Rocheſter
I haue ſpente all my wynnynge
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Couentry
For there knaues ſet me on the pyllery
And threwe egges at my hede
So ſore that my noſe dyd bleede
Of whyte wyne galons thurty
Sometyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentyſe with yuell counſell
And ſo men calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
Yf ſommer were come and fayre wether
And lyue full merely



I haue sought Englande thorowe and thorowe
Uyllage/towne/cytie/and borowe
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am
As yll tongued churles/and many a proude gentyll man
That shrewdly roundeth many a pystell
Wt han they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whystell
Of maters partayning to Uenus actes
With fayre flateryng wordes and prety knackes
Both men and women they bryng to lechery
Through me yuell counsayle to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmynster/saynt Katheryns/and in buthryktes rent
There I rested very lately
Nowe fayne wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my counsell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the crafte well.

Idelnesse.

What art thou tell me that speketh this.

Yuell counsayle.

Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruys
Great nede haue I therto.

Idelnesse.

Why what seruyce canst thou do.

Yuell counsayle.

Bothe steale and lye/and on youre erande go
To fette an othes mannes wyfe to your bedde.

Idelnesse.

Ah I of suche thynges may be spedde
I am gladde that we be met.

Yuell counsayle.

In Englande shall nothing me let

With you wyll I byde for euer
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?

Idelnesse.

Ye no than .xpd. by my lyfe
But some other men kepeth them for me.

Juell counseyll.

Mary fy? no foxe/it costeth you the lesse money
But you haue good chere whan you come.

Idelnesse.

Ye at meat I am mery/and at bed yf I lyke noo playe.

Juell counsayle.

Than they? husbandes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.

Idelnesse.

Yes yes dayly/and make good chere
And not spyed at all/I haue suche policy.

Juell counsayle.

I am gladde that ye be so wytty
And syr yf you wyll haue a frelshe lusty trull
I wyll get her you/or a hulwyfe that can spyn a pounde
(of woll

Idelnesse.

Than wyll we dryuke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.

Juell counsayle.

I pray you tell me what is she.

Idelnesse.

An artyficers wyfe/a piety woman.

Juell counsayle.

Syr I wyll goo to my brother temptacion
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a flacyon
For bytwene vs thre
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.



Shall I go with you fyr.

Ruell counsayle.

Yes fyr and it please you so to do
Howe say you / haue not they merylyues
That may kylle and halle other menues wyues
Le towne is full of tolyte
But when sawe you your brother sensualyte.

Idelnesse.

Syr I lefte hym on the playne of Salysbyrs
He tolde me that he wolde lyste
Some good felowe from his thryfte
And as I trowe somwhat he wyll getts
To make with the pery
Many one for they good be labour and swete
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lyghtly.

Ruell counsayle.

Syr be byd me a shrewde turne as I you tell.

Idelnesse.

I pray the shewe me howe it befell.

Ruell counsayle.

The lasts haye syr I wylle
The puttocke that he ware on his fylls
Wolde haue trode my henne
And by I caught a puttocke
And hyt hym on the buttocke
That there laye in a shenne.

Idelnesse.

Wherby knowest thou that it was he;

Ruell counsayle.

For he hath a bell aboute his tayle
And thereby ryche hym knowe.

C.ij.

I bye hym bolde in the bayne
Tyll at the laste he had his mayne
God gyue hym an yll grene.

Jolinesse.

What wolde ye thou gaue hym
Boy on hardely.

Cuell counsayle.

Hyre a lyppyses of bakon
And a blacke bolle full of barly.

Jolinesse.

By Jesu this is a gentyll present for a knaue
To kepe hydes thou art very cunnynge
Thy thryfte I trowe is layde a sonnynge
But tell me nowe where is thy wonnynge.

Cuell counsayle.

Hyr at the fenwes is my moste abydynge
Otherwyle goynge / and somtyme rydynge
And yf the grounde be slypper and slydynge
In fayth I fall do wne moselynge.

Jolinesse.

What some pleasure than there areres
Beshrewe your heed bytwene your eeres.

Cuell counsayle.

Nay syr it shall be yours and theres
For whan a man hath nowe
Let hym parte with his neyghbores.

Jolinesse.

It is thy destenye I trowe
For to be cladde all in heres
And ryde the horse with foure eeres.

Cuell counsayle.

Nay syr not alone yose



For I loue yll to walkes
I ryde in a saddyll/but ye shall ryde in a halter.
Idelnesse.
In good faythe knaue thou shalte beare me a stoppe.
Euell counsayle.
And thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the a wyght.
Idelnesse.
Why smytest thou not/come of.
Euell counsayle.
Nay I trowe ye do but skoffe
But I wolde not for an hundred pounde fyghte with the.
Idelnesse.
Why so tell me.
Euell counsayle.
For I neuer fought with man but he beyde
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.
Idelnesse.
Mary I had leuer thou were hyde
Thou arte as manly as yll cheuynge
Thou were a good bolde felowe to go a theuynge.
Euell counsayle.
Well let vs go to buthyston a wyght house
And let some other kepe residence
For I dare laye therow.xl.pence
We shall haue a sermon or nyght.
Idelnesse.
I trowe thou be wyll come hyther
That layde fyrst In principio togyther.
Ambo.
Go we/for we two wyll go thyder
There as we wyll make merry by this fyre.
Actio.
Ah syr I haue ben longe awaye

C.ii.



¶ No man / he ſpake ſo goodly
He had almoſte chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than alle my ſelfe for charytie.
¶ Actio.
¶ Why woldeſt thou haue ben ſo wytty
Naye thou arte a foole and thou wyte for any eggynge
Gyue away thyne awne good and goo thy ſelf a beggynge
For ſe wyll not I do yet truſt me.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Syr he promeſt moſte largely
That I ſhulde in ioye lyue euer
Where I ſhall dye neuer
Thus alſo he ſayd verely
That I ſhulde dele there no yll
And haue all that I deſyre wyll
And le god in his mateſtie
Alſo he promeſt me a greater hyre
That I ſhulde haue all that I wolde deſyre.
¶ Actio.
¶ I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayſt thou not ſe all daye
That they that vſeth ſporte and playe
Lyueth at eaſe merily
They haue moſte hertyeſt reſte
And fareth of the beſte
That thus ſpendeth they lyues in iolyte.
¶ Eugenio.
¶ Well than my wytte I wyll renewe
For I trowe thou ſayeſt full trewe
Yf I do it / and afterwarde rewe it
As to gyue away my good

I trowe I shulde it forthynke
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke
For that purse that sowneth not trynde
His mayster weareth a threde bare hode.

Actio.

Cet ye man/that is trewe in dede
But let vs go walke a space
For yuell counsayle hyther wyll spede
That person I trowe he be voyde of all grace.

Eugenio.

Go we hence than in tyme
Hastely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by prymme
His sermonde wolde I here fayne.

Yuell counsayle.

By your leaue let me come nere
What dothe all this company here
Where after is your gappynge
By oure ladye a mayster I haue soughte nye and feare
For sythe I came fro Rochester
I haue spente all my wynnynge
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Couentry
For there knaues set me on the pyllery
And threwe egges at my hede
So sore that my nose dyd blede
Of whyte wyne galons thurty
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentyse with yuell counsell
And so men calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
If sommer were come and fayre wether
And lyue full merely



I haue sought Englande thorowe and thorowe
Uyllage/towne/cytie/and borowe
With many a thousande bequeyntyd I am
As yll tongued churles/and many a proude gentyll mam
That shrewdly roundeth many a pystell
Wt han they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whystell
Of maters partaynyng to Uenus actes
With sayre flateryng wordes and prety knackes
Both men and women they bryng to lechery
Though me yuell counsayle to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmynster/sayut Katheryns/and in buthryktes rent
There I rested very lately
Nowe sayne wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my counsell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the crafte well.

Idelnesse.

What art thou tell me that speketh this.

Yuell counsayle.

Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruys
Great nede haue I therto.

Idelnesse.

Why what seruyce canst thou do.

Iuell counsayle.

Bothe reale and lye/and on youre erands go
To fette an othes mannes wyfe to your beddes.

Idelnesse.

Ah I of suche thynges may be spedde
I am gladde that we be met.

Iuell counsayle.

In Englande shall nothing me let

With you wyll I byde for euer
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?

Idelnesse.

Ye no than .xx. by my lyfe
But some other men kepeth them for me.

Juell counseyll.

Mary fy no force/it costeth you the lesse money
But you haue good chere whan you come.

Idelnesse.

Ye at meat I am merry/and at bed yf I lyste goo playe.

Juell counsayle.

Than they husbandes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.

Idelnesse.

Yes yes dayly/and make good chere
And not spyed at all/I haue suche policy.

Juell counsayle.

I am gladde that ye be so wytty
And fy yf you wyll haue a fresshe lusty trull
I wyll get her you/or a hulwyfe that can spyn a pounde (of wull

Idelnesse.

Than wyll we drynke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.

Juell counsayle.

I pray you tell me what is she.

Idelnesse.

An artyficers wyfe/a pretty woman.

Juell counsayle.

Syr I wyll goo to my brother temptacion
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a stacyon
For bytwene vs thre
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.



Idelnesse.

Shall I go with you sir.

Cruell counsayle.

Ye syr and it please you so to do
Howe say you / haue not they merysyes
That may kysse and halle other mennes wyues
Ye towne is full of tolyte
But when saw you your brother fresshlyue.

Idelnesse.

Syr I lefte hym on the playne of Salysbyrs
He tolde me that he wolde lyue
Some good felowe from his thryfte
And as I trowe somwhat he wyll gette
To make with the pety
Many one for they good he labour and swete
But he dothe not so / he getteth it lyghtly.

Cruell counsayle.

Syr he dyd me a shrewde turne as I you tell.

Idelnesse.

I pray the shewe me howe it befell.

Cruell counsayle.

The laste daye syr I wysse
The puttocke that he ware on his fyste
Wolde haue trode my henne
And by I caught a puttocke
And byt hym on the buttocke
That there laye in a thenne.

Idelnesse.

Wherby knowest thou that it was he.

Cruell counsayle.

For he had a bell aboute his nek
And thereby ryche hym knewe.

C.ij.

I bye hym holde in the bryngle
Tyll at the laste he had his myndes
God gyue hym an yll ende.

Jolinesse.

What meane ye thou grene hede
Say on hardely.

Gyll counsayle.

Thy pype a sponge full of baken
And a blacke bolle full of barly.

Jolinesse.

By Jesu this is a gentyll vyage for a youthe
To kepe hydes thou art very connynge
Thy thryfte I trowe is layde a sonnynge
But tell me nowe where is thy wonnynge.

Gyll counsayle.

Syr at the stewes is my mote abydynge
Otherwyle goynge / and somtyme sydynge
And yf the grounde be slypper and slydynge
In faythe I fall downe moselynge.

Jolinesse.

What some pleasure than there areres
Beshrewe your heed bytwene your eeres.

Gyll counsayle.

Nay syr it shall be yours and theirs
For whan a man hath inowe
Let hym parte with his neyghbours.

Jolinesse.

It is thy destenye I trowe
For to be clodde all in freres
And ryde the horse with foure eyres.

Gyll counsayle.

Nay syr not alone yours



For I lous yll to walkes
I ryde in a saddyll/but ye shall ryde in a bokes.
Idelnesse.
In good faythe knaue thou shalte beare me a flappe.
Euell counsayle.
And thou shalte haue another an I can hyt the a rygh.
Idelnesse.
Why smytest thou not/come of.
Euell counsayle.
Nay I trowe ye do but skoffe
But I wolde not for an hundred pounde fyghte with the.
Idelnesse.
Why so tell me.
Euell counsayle.
For I neuer fought with man but he wrote
And so shulde you and ye dyd my strokes abyde.
Idelnesse.
Mary I had leuer thou were tyde
Thou arte as manly as yll chrysyngs
Thou were a good bolde felowe to go a thevynge.
Euell counsayle.
Well let vs go to Buthyston a wyght house
And let some other kepe residence
For I dare laye therom .xl. pence
We shall haue a sermon or nyght.
Idelnesse.
I trowe thou be wyll come hyther
That layde fyrst In principio togythers.
Ambo.
Go we/for we two wyll go thyder
There as we wyll make merry by this fyght.
Actio.
Ah fy I haue ben longe awaye

C.ii.

I saye I holde it you by the [illegible]

[illegible]

There hath be a fraye nowe
Where we to haue be
There was layeng of the lawe
And all vpon notwythe a newe fraine
So god helpe me.

Actio.

Why I sawe the wenche that hyre goune nethe tyed
That bare in her hande a gay gelyflowe
Me thought it was lyke a pawe
Of a whyttynge
Sche helpe me with a tale of ryemary lefe
Tyll my thyrste was gone as quyte as a bell
God wote it is a wyse thynge.

Genesio.

Peace man/ye shall here a sermon nowe
Of the egle that syeth full hye
If he do here thy exclamacyon
He wyll make thy to fye.

Actio.

Not in a fauage I trowe.
Peace for he is come nowe.

Johan the Euangelist.

O men brethrene/watched and mekell
Herken to this perable that I shall tell.

Genesio.

The heryuge thou gyue me I shall.

Actio.

And I to do by your counsayle yf ye seye well.

Johan the Euangelist.

Nowe I begynne/gyue good audyence

Two men assended ones to a temple to praye
Theyr conuersacyon hauynge great differense
It was the Pharyse and the publycan I saye
Two ensamples by them perceyue we maye
The great pryde of the Pharyseye
Other mennes fautes he displayed aye
And his owne counsayle hyd vnder false hewe
In the publycans prayers there was than
A great excellence of mekenesse
He dispysed hymselfe a wretched man
Thynkynge eche creature exceded hym in goodenesse
His fautes he dyd confesse
With great sorowe for his transgressyon
And in the pharyses prayer dyd expresse
Of full pryde and adulacyon
He prayde not/but prayed hymselfe there
Standyng vpryght with a perte face
The masse begynneth with Confiteor
And endeth with Deo gratias
Euyn the reuers he dyd in this case
There the masse endeth he beganne proudely
Makyng no confession of his trespas
But sayd(Deo gratias ago tibi)
In than he thanked god he was not to blame
But in that he thanked hym not with verye mekenesse
The speces of synne he rehersed by name
In whiche all synnes be comprehended expresse
By rauenours is vnderstande couetyse
In vnryghtfull to say pryde of hym than
In auoutry/all lechery that men can reherce
And thus he excused hym selfe/& sclaundred the publycan

I pay my tythes he sayd also
And so he dyd/but not of the beste
In that Cayme he was lyke to
For he tythed alway of the worste
Twyse in the weke he sayd he dyd faste
I no meate and drynke he dyd/but not for verytye fynde
And that is the fastes that pleaseth god beste
But the rat hypocrytes wyll not begynne
Agayne god he synned grenously
In that he tuskyfyed hym selfe so
Thus was euen Cryste slaundryng malycyously
(Tu testimonium perhiberis de teipso)
(Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I sayde
Wherfore god dyd hym denyde
Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so
There Lucyfer is falle for his pryde
The gospell sayd/who doth hye hym shall be lowe
All they that prayseth them selfe do synne be your fayth
And so you cursed men do your rowe
For by goddes iugement
Yf ye forsake not your synne be your fayth
Ye shall go to hell/Wherfore repente.

Lupho.

I crye god mercy for myne offence
My wytte was lyke I dyd defye.

Eugenio.

Also I am sory of my negligence
Your doctryne I wyll folowe full mekely.

S. Johan the Euangelyste.

This sample god layth vs to
That we shulde consyder it wysely
Who demeth hym selfe good/is ferse there fro
And he that thynketh hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hardy



Thynke notes that youre purpose was lette vnfedlye
In synne thus to lede lyues vayne
Under colour of vertue/denyng your selfe good
wan and all they that it withe sustayne
Be wyse than the pharysey/mennes lawes are woode
Remembre this for the reuerence of hym ỳ dyed on roode
And to the lawes of the churche abyde euery man
And ye shall be partenars of Christes precyous bloode
And blessed of god as was the publycan
Thus yf ye wyll be stedfaste and trewe
Jesu wyll than with his grace you renewe
To that lordes blysse ye shall come all a
Qui viuit per infinita seculorum secula. Amen.

Finis.

¶ Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan
the Euangelyste. Imprynted at London
in Foster lane by Johñ Waley.



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